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A TELL-TALE SCAR

Oath-Bound to a Woman---A Mysterious Visit---The Srange Trial of a Lover's Faith.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

OATH-BOUND.

"You have vowed that you love me, Donald Gray."

"I so vow again, Celeste."

"By your honor and all else that you hold dear?"

"I do, but what means this strange questioning, Celeste, and your seeking me out here in my rooms?"

"May I put you to the test, Donald Gray?"

"Of my love for you?"

"Yes, of a love that knows no doubt, a love that will dare any fate."

"Yes, put me to the test," and the man smiled as he stood facing his fair questioner, while she, with grave face and quivering lips, gazed at him with an appealing look, which then he did not understand, but which all came vividly to him later.

An instant she hesitated, and then, as though moved to do some deed she shrunk from, she placed upon the table a folded paper and said:

"This is the test—sign your name here without reading what is written above."

"This is a strange request, Miss Duvall."

"Then you fear to keep your oath just made to me?"

"I fear nothing where my oath binds me to what Celeste Duvall asks," came the prompt reply, and he took up a pen, sat down to the table and was about to sign the unread paper, when, under a sudden impulse, she grasped his hand and cried:

"No, no, no! I will not ask it."

"As you please; though I am willing to sign."

For a moment she stood, her face colorless, her form quivering, and then, with an effort at self-command, said sternly:

"Remember, you will be oath-bound to me if you sign."

"And I will keep my oath."

"Come what may, Donald Gray?"

"Come what may, Celeste Duvall."

"Sign!" she said, sharply, and she pressed her teeth hard into her lip as she saw him again take up the pen and write his very striking autograph.

As he did so she reeled and fell heavily upon the floor ere he could spring to her aid.

He raised the limp form and placed it gently upon a lounge, then getting a bottle of camphor and some water restored her to consciousness.

Rising with a startled look she cried:

"I fainted and fell?"

"Yes, but you are all right now."

"And you read that paper while I was unconscious so now retract your oath," and her face wore an expression that was painful to see.

"I am surprised that you ask me, Celeste. No, I did not read that paper I signed and my oath still stands—you still hold me oath-bound," he added, with a smile.

"Thank God! You are a noble man, Donald Gray, and happen what will, remember to still hold trust in me. Good-by, and God bless you, for I must go home now."

"You are a strange enigma to me tonight, Celeste, one I cannot fathom for not a dozen hours since you promised to be my wife and now tonight and alone, you come to my rooms and bind me to you by some mysterious oath."

"I have put you to the test and have found you true as steel—all I ask of you is to trust me," and she turned toward the door, refusing to allow him to accompany her home, and he watched her disappear in the darkness, while a strange feeling of unrest clutched at his heart.

For a short time he paced the floor in deepest reverie, then turned to throw himself upon the lounge, when he started and stood staring at something he saw there, as though it was a serpent coiled and ready to strike.

Springing forward, he seized what had so amazed him, taking his hat, hastily left his bachelor quarters, walking rapidly along the deserted streets, for it was after midnight.

It was a couple of hours later that he returned to his rooms, still brightly lighted, for he had left them so when he hurried out, and upon his face was a troubled look.

Taking a large package from his pocket he locked it up securely in a secret drawer of his desk, and then again begun his restless walk to and fro.

Thus the dawn found him, his hat pulled down over his eyes as though to hide a fresh cut upon his forehead one he had received after leaving his rooms and in the strange excitement that he was in he had not taken notice of it, though the cut was a deep one and of a peculiar crescent shape.

Placing his hand to his head his fingers touched the wound, causing him to start, throw aside his hat, and, entering an inner room, he bathed and dressed it, drawing the wound together with adhesive plaster.

"Why, it is dawn—and what a night to live through," he muttered, turning to the door as he heard a knock.

As the door was opened two officers of the law stepped quickly into the room, one of them saying sternly:

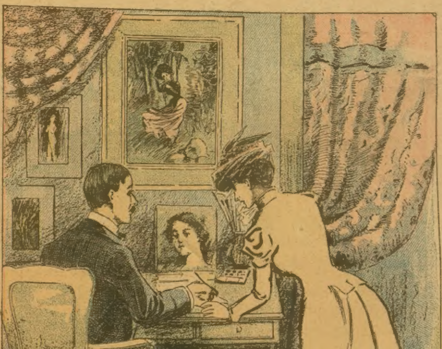
"Mr. Gray, I arrest you on the charge of murder!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ARREST.

Of Donald Gray little was known in the eastern city where he had made his home the year prior to the mid-

(Continued on page two.)



"Remember you will be oath bound to me if you sign.'

A JEWEL'S CURSE.

A Tale of far Singapore Told by the Third Mate---Fate's Mystery and Love's Power---A Startling End.

By ALFRED SLADE.

It isn't my yarn at all by rights; the second mate commenced it, and pushed me in, in the middle. So I've annexed it; and the Second won't mind—for he's dead.

The Mother Carey was not a ship to be proud of. I never knew anyone to blow about belonging to her, not even the donkeyman. We had worked her round to Sydney all right. Then the Health Authorities ordered us off; after which we went and lay off Thursday Island till the firm who had chartered us could wire instructions.

In desperation, our people wired us to go to Singapore in ballast and get any sort of cargo there we could.

I was sorry to leave Thursday Island; the telegraph stationmaster there had a daughter. Her first name was Mary, and, I if I can manage it, one of these days her second will be the same as mine.

We got a move on us and were well in the Straits by eight bells that afternoon, and it being the first mate's watch, the second mate came to my cabin to smoke a bit.

"Ever been to Singapore?" he asked.

"No," I said; "nevr went further than Calcutta that way. Have you?"

"Yes," he answered; "it'll be just about three years ago."

"Nice place?" I asked.

"Terrible hole," he answered. "See that stone? I got that there."

I took the ring off his finger and examined it; it was worth looking at, too. Not for the mounting, which was ordinary enough, but for the jewel it held. I had never seen a stone like it before, and never again since—but I'll tell that part by-and-by.

It was something like a catseye, this jewel; but the outside was perfectly white, the interior was peculiarly greenish, and right in the center was a spot of dazzling red like a speck of living blood. The general effect was [illegible] of a baleful fascination, repellent and at the same time invincibly attractive; and as I looked, I shuddered, yet could not turn my eyes away.

"That's the way it serves me," said the Second, who was observing. "I hate the thing, and yet I can't throw it away. And ever since I've had it, it's brought nothing but bad luck.

"I was on the Sardanapalus when I had the stone first; we were caught in a monsoon in the Indian ocean, and had to put in at Point de Galle an absolute wreck. My next ship was the Golden Horn; the cargo caught fire off Pernambuco, and we were taken off by one of the Brazilian Royal Mails. This'll be third trip; and I shall not live to finish it. I only hope you other'll get through all right."

"How did you come by it?" I asked, beginning, I confess, to feel a little uneasy.

"It was a rum go," answered the Second, "and I don't much like talking about it. But," he added, after a moment's reflection, "I'll tell you, in case anything happens to me there." And he nodded ahead, where lay Singapore.

"The last time I was there," he went on, "I ran amuck. It was one of Libby's liners I was in, and you know what they are. Rations according to the Act, and as much rum as you can put on a mosquito's left eyelid. So when I went ashore with a couple of dollars I' subbed from the skipper, I didn't want much to upset me. A bottle of Hamburg square-face soon did the trick; and before I knew where I was I found myself half-seas over.

"It was in one of those shanties back of the garrison barracks where I'd got the stuff; in the daytime respectable merchants' depots, at night half grog-shop and half opium-den. The long, low, narrow room was divided into two by strips of bamboo matting; I was in in the front part at a sort of rude table, alone with my square-face; the back was filled with a crowd of Parsees, squatting in a circle, and gabbling. Between us was a hole for the ladder that went to the cellar, whence came the oppressing fumes of opium; and at the back of the inner room was a door in the wooden wall, opening on a staircase that led to the apartments above.

"I remember all that distinctly; but I don't remember much else. Alone with the noise and smoke and the intoxicating smell of the east that lay all around me, and stupefied by the atmosphere no less than by drink, I must have rested long in a sort of dream.

"I seemed to wake and shiver, and, sitting up, saw the dawn rising in flames of gold. On the floor were people sleeping. I tried to stand up, but felt languid and oppressed and I sank in my seat, and would have gone to sleep again.

"Then the door from above opened, and a girl came down. And all at once, in spite of myself, and in a manner I cannot explain, all my languor left me and a fever filled my veins. I rose, and, walking across the sleeping bodies, went near to her, threw aside her veil, bent down, and kissed her on the mouth.

"She did not move or speak; only a shudder went through her, and it was not of fear or aversion.

"I drew from her at last, and, the light creeping up through the windows, could look at her.

"She was not a Malay; she was not, I thought, a Hindoo; something of a Cingalese, a Cingalese of the hilltops, nearly white, of features almost classic, a nose finely Hebraic, and eyes of an Aryan gypsy.

"'I have been watching you,' she said, in perfect English; 'watching and waiting. Did you not feel the incense in your nostrils—that was my love-spell. And it has worked.'

"Again I stooped and kissed her.

"'I like that,' she said, with a little laugh. 'It is a good thing of the white men's. See, I will try to act thus also,' and she in her turn had reached up and kissed me.

"I leaned forward to seize her, but she slid through my grasp and had flown up the stairs.

"'Tonight,' she whispered, 'by the old pagoda, I will weave you another love-spell.'

"Then she came down a step. Look well to yourself here,' she whispered; 'there is danger. Take this—it is an amulet—it will protect you,' and she had flown away out of sight, leaving in my hand a tiny square of ivory hollowed through the center.

"I stood for a moment as in a trance; between my feet I saw a body, and, as I looked, one of its eyes, it seemed, was watching me.

"Had it been there all the while? I did not think so. Yet, looking again, it was not watching me at all; its eyes were firmly closed and it was sleeping. Yet a fear crept into my heart, and instinctively I felt in my belt for my revolver. It was not there; it was not on the table; it was nowhere.

"And all my courage went from me, and I staggered across the sleeping men and burst through the fragile door and fell out into the sun. And without stopping I ran as hard as I could to the ship, sweating with a terror I dare not think about.

"The boatswain was washing down with the steam hose; I stripped and stood in front of it and took a bath that way. It steadied my nerves, and the bright sea and the bright sunshine did the rest.

"I was at the pagoda that night, sober, without even a cigar, but with another pistol in my belt. It was a weird place.

"Not a soul was in sight. The pagoda was dark and empty. The only sound I could hear was the ripple of the waves on the distant shore.

"All sorts of fancies crept into my brain; I tried in vain to put them away. At last I tried to go. I could not; I was as if rooted to the spot.

"I looked around and fancied I was going mad, and I laughed. And the echoes came back from all around, so that the air seemed full of mocking devils, and I turned round and round to see whence came the sound.

"There was a figure bowing before me, and a voice said: 'Salaam, Sahib,' and in front, by the light of the moon, I saw a man.

"'I have a token for my lord,' he said, 'from one he loves, who begs him to accept it and so depart,' and he handed me the stone you have seen.

"'Stop,' I said, taking it; 'are you her servant?'

"'The Flower of the Cinnamon was my daughter,' he answered, 'but now—no longer.'

"'What do you mean?' I cried again.

"'The Flower of the Cinnamon is not,' he said; 'and in your hand you hold the token.'

"The moonlight caught the glitter of his evil eye, and I saw then it was the man who had lain between my feet. I sprang forward to seize him and he was gone; gone like the wind, with not a trace behind.

"In my hand I still clenched the pebble; I took it in my fingers to put it in my pocket. There was the other token, my amulet of ivory. I took it out to look at it, and its veins were red—red with the streaks of blood.

"So I went back to the ship, walking warily and looking behind my shoulder; but I saw nothing and felt nothing—nothing but the stone the man had given me, that lay like a weight on my heart. It was there next morning, but my ivory amulet I could not find; it was gone, and with it, I knew, my salvation."

"That is all?" I asked the Second, as he stopped to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"All—at present," he answered, "for we sailed that same morning. And I have never seen her since. And I never shall see her," he added, in a tone that made me feel cold to hear.

"But you kept the stone?" I asked again.

"I could not get rid of it," he replied. "Once—you may believe me or not, as you like—once I took it from my waistcoat pocket and threw it over the bulwarks. It did not touch the sea; next morning it was there again in my pocket. So I made the best of what I knew was a bad job; I got it mounted in London in a ring, and I wear it so in defiance."

There was more of fear than defiance in his eyes just then; he swung on his heel and turned away; nor did any further allusions to the subject pass between us.

We reached Singapore shortly afterwards; and I noticed the second mate getting more and more nervous. He tried to hide it and to conquer it, he worked harder than any man on the boat.

At last we had got our cargo in and had finished coaling; the next morning we should (machinery permitting) clear for home. The Second seemed easier that evening, but he had scarcely been in his cabin half an hour when a convulsive spasm seemed to shoot through him. He stood up, as if in agony, and cried out in a thick, guttural voice: "I've got to go," and made towards the alley-way.

I tried to stop him; he dragged me along as easily as if I had been a child. Then, nearing the gangway, he shook me off and cried: "You had better keep out of it; I shall be enough," and assed over the gangway to the quay.

I went after him, just speaking to the watchman; yet even this delay put me far behind, and I had to run to overtake him, so quickly did he walk.

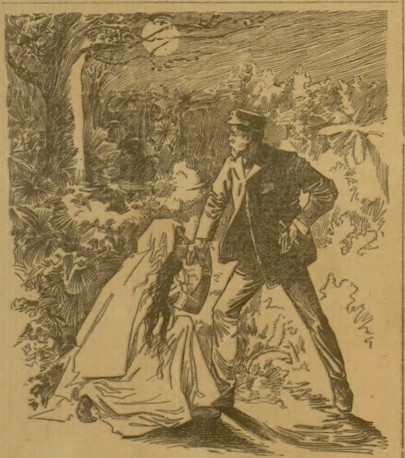
At last we reached the house, and the room he had described; he ordered liquor, which I took care not to drink; and in desperate defiance let his hand lie on the table, stretching out the finger that held the ring.

Strive as I might to keep my head clear, I felt the fumes of the place suffocating me; yet, stupified as I was, I had a consciousness that myriad eyes were around and watching us.

Below, through the hole where the ladder went, I saw the opium smokers; at the back where the staircase mounted, I saw the door open.

A woman entered and at once the place seemed empty, save for her and us.

The Second was looking, too, and started suddenly. He got up and walked towards her and threw her heavy veil aside. Then, in a voice so calm that it astonished me, he said:



Taking the finger that held the ring, she bit it clean through.

"You are not Flower of the Cinnamon?"

"No," she answered, "the Flower is not. But when she was, she was my sister."

And she pressed forward towards me. "I am called," she said, to me, not to him, "I am called the Sheen of Morning." And she made a low obeisance towards me.

I did not speak, but looked towards her, looked past her and saw into the cellar. I saw a man, dark-skinned, yet no Hindoo, kindle a fire on the ground; and as the flames leaped red, he sprinkled a powder on them and the fire burnt green and the smoke came through the opening.

The woman was still bowed before me and watching me with entreating eyes; but now the lustre went out of her eyes and they had no more life in them than a sleep-walker's. Then she rose stiffly and walked backward to the staircase door and so passed through; and the door shut of itself, for I saw no one to shut it.

And the man, or devil, in the cellar put more powder on his fire, and the flames burnt red, red as a bullocks' blood. And the Second turned slowly round and walked from the room into the street; and, looking neither to the right nor the left, took his way still further across the marsh. And I followed, shivering in my heart.

Nothing before or around us but the darkness and the heat of the night that brought up the fever-fog; and from the distance came the horrid noise of a Chinese sing-song.

And we still walked on, till, in the darkness of the night, there loomed another darkness, thicker and more compact; and I saw it was the shadow of a pagoda.

The Second led the way right to the entrance; as we reached the treshold, a light sprang up within.

The Second was mounting the steps; I seized his arm and with my whole force tried to retain him; he did not even pause, but dragged me after him as if my strength were nothing. And so we went into the temple.

The light shone from the other end; we drew closer to it and stood in front. There, on a shrine, was an enormous figure of Buddha, sitting cross-legged, with six arms extended. The light shone from his eyes; and, glancing along his nostrils, on one side sparkled back. In his nose was a jewel the duplicate of that the Second wore; on the other side was a space for a second jewel, which was the Second's.

As I looked, I cried aloud and started back; my hand was still on the Second's arm, and so great was my terror that I drew him back with me a space. At that moment the pavement in front of us opened where but an instant before we had both been standing; and in the void revealed I felt and smelt, rather than saw, the foetid moisture of a bottomless waterpit. And the light in the idol's eyes burnt red.

A little finger touched my left hand; I turned. It was a woman, the same woman of the hut; who whispered, so that none but I could hear:

"Come, my lord; and quickly. Leave him to his fate, for he is doomed. But thou, while there is yet time, come."

"Yes," I said to her; "but not alone. He must come, too."

"Does my lord command it?" she asked.

"Yes," I said again.

"Then I will try," she whispered; "yet it is Death we three look in the face."

She raised her hand and rubbed my lips with something she held; something that was cold like menthol, and bitter as gall. She did likewise to the Second, who at that seemed to awake from sleep and stare about him bewildered. And taking me by the hand, and I the Second, she led us to the door; and the door was shut and barred, and the light in the idol went out.

"There is another way," she said at last, and led us on; till behind a pillar she stopped, and, groping for some time, found at last a rude staple in the stonework.

"Pull," she said, "for you are strong." And I pulled, and the stone came round on invisible hinges. In the opening there disclosed I felt rough-hewn steps that went down, and pushing myself through I descended. Three steps I counted, and then there was no more; and I lost my handhold and fell. I threw out my hands wildly in search of some support; my head swung forward and struck against a projection; and, insensible, I still fell—down, down.

When I came to myself I was lying on the ground, my head in the woman's lap; and her hair had torn loose and was swathing my temples; and as she bent to kiss me, I felt that her eyes were wet.

But between her and me came the memory of Mary, and the promise the moon had seen at Rockhampton; and I did not kiss her back, but took her hand, and said, "My sister, my sister." And so she understood, and raised me up, and put something on my head that cured its aching; and the Second came to my side and held me, and we went on down the passage.

There was no light to guide us; but the walls shone with phosphorescent drawings and all the vile gods of Buddha's Pantheon served us as horrid guides. We went on—the woman in tears, I in pain, and the Second in terror and dismay—till they came some rough-hewn steps, and these mounted, some stairs of wood; there the woman left us and bade us wait.

Presently she returned and led us still upward, and lifted a flap and let in a flood of light. And springing through, we were in the room of the grog-shop—all alone, save for the invisible eyes that I knew were watching us all around.

And we sat at the table; and I gave my hand to the woman, and said again, "My sister," and she fell to weeping afresh.

I looked towards the Second, and his brow was wet with sweat, and on his finger gleamed ominously the curse-stone.

I tried to get the ring off. It clung till with a wrench I had twisted it and had it off, and left his finger free; and then, before the woman could prevent me, had put it on my own. At that she shrank, shivering; but I knocked the table loudly in summons.

A coolie came in, and I ordered two bottles of Bass; but in knocking and ordering and talking I took care to show my ring. He smiled and smiled maliciously; and coming back with the beer looked again. The woman had disappeared, spirited away again by some invisible power.

So the Second and I drank—he hugely, I scarcely at all. And then I told him my scheme; that he must go back to the ship alone, for without the ring I felt he had nothing to fear. He was reluctant to do so, for he was a brave man; yet his terror was so great that in the end he departed.

So I was left alone with the ring; and waiting till I thought it time, began to reproach myself for running in danger when my life belonged to Mary. Then I thought again; and I knew at last that Mary herself would have me to do this. So I kept up a stout heart, and ostentatiously leaving a dollar on the table, passed out.

There was a shadow in front of me—it was the woman, who fell at my feet beseechingly.

"Fool," she said, "and foolhardy. Throw it away lest it kill you. For it is a vampire that drinks men's blood."

And she took hold of my finger and tried to wrench the ring away; but the flesh was closed up tightly round it, and it would not budge.

"It is the spell already winding round you," she said. "Yet it was not you that my father cursed. What shall I do, my love, my love?

"Better throw away your finger than your soul," she said again, "cut it off and so escape."

I searched for my knife in my belt, but my sheath was empty; and we looked into each other's eyes in hollow despair.

"I would bite it," she cried; "but I cannot—I cannot; for I love you."

"You must not say that," I answered, "and you must not come with me."

"My lord commands?" she asked, in pained humility.

And I said "Yes." And she disappeared into the darkness.

I strode on quickly across the swamp towards the quay, and already I saw the lights gleam in the harbor. Yet even now, I could not feel at ease, and would glance round furtively and yet see nothing—until suddenly the moon shot out from behind a cloud, and in front of my eyes was a gleam that was not of light, but a reflection of light. I quickly put out my left hand and jagged steel pierced it, and I shrieked aloud.

With my right hand I seized my assailant, who was annointed with oil and slipped through my fingers like an eel. Yet he did not run, but remained at a little distance, waiting to attack me again, and there were others with him. By their stiffened upright black hair I saw they were Malays; but the one who seemed their leader was the devil of the cellar. And my heart thumped and thumped as I waited. Then a soft hand again touched me, and a voice said, "It is I," and the woman had taken my finger that held the ring, and saying, "Yet I must do it, because I love him," had bitten it clean through. And

Scrofula

"From my youth I have always been troubled with scrofula humor. I had an ulcer break out on one of my limbs. It was very painful, but I paid little attention to it and it continued to grow worse. I was told I must have something done and I went to a hospital and was treated as an out-patient. They told me it was

The Worst Ulcer

They had ever had to treat. I went to the hospital twice a week for three months and still kept at my work. My limb constantly grew worse and I was told my only chance was to have my limb amputated below my knee. I would not consent to this. Later a physician told me to give up work and

Get Some Crutches

And not use my foot at all. I gave up my work, but hearing Hood's Sarsaparilla recommended so highly, I resolved to give it a fair trial. Before I had finished taking the first bottle I began to improve, and as I continued taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the pains gradually ceased and I had a better appetite. When I had taken 12 bottles I was

Entirely Cured.

I am now able to do as much work as any of my neighbors. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house." CYRUS G. UPHAM, Needham, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best medicine for the blood that money can buy. Sold by druggists. $1.

shouting to the men in a tongue I knew not, she hurled it in their midst; and their leader seized it and yelled aloud in triumph and showed it to the others running round him.

And the woman spoke again, and to some purpose, for then the men departed with the prize. And the moon went in again behind the clouds.

"Do not slay me, my lord," the woman was saying, "for your life is not yet saved."

She tore the veiling from her face and bandaged the stump that had been my finger; and then she took my other hand, and, withdrawing the dagger sucked softly at the poison of the wound. But the pain was too much for me, and I just leaned over and fell fainting to the ground.

Next morning I found myself in my bunk and the Second was watching over me and the woman was crouching on the floor.

"That's right, old man," said the Second, "and now I'll fetch the doctor."

The doctor was the chief engineer, who forthwith came aft with a hot iron and seared the stump of my finger.

"And now, laddie, ye'll do," he said, "and I mus awa, for there is some leetle difficulty with the boilers."

"She carried you here," said the Second, answering my eyes, "though how she managed it I can't say. And she had sucked the poison clean from your wound, and Mac said there was no danger left. Though, mind you, the kriss had enough on it to kill twenty men.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm all right and you shall tell me how it happened to you afterwards. Now you must swallow this sleeping draught Mac's left for you."

And I swallowed the medicine he gave me. But I did not sleep; I fell into a stupor. I could not move or speak; yet I could hear and understand.

The sailors were clearing the decks above me; at intervals the steam whistle sounded; we were preparing to get under way.

At last came the cry, "All strangers leave the ship," and there was a bustle across the gangway.

The woman in the corner rose, came to my bunk and kissed me on the lips, opened the door, went into the alley-way and on to the deck. She mounted to the poop above my head, then a shadow passed for a moment athwart my porthole. I heard a splash—and she had done suttee for her love of me.

The blade of the propeller began to revolve and the ship to forge slowly forward. My tongue was parched and my temples throbbing, and the delirium of fever came over me.

My eyes still open looked far away forward, into the pagoda of Singapore. And before the Buddha knelt the throng of worshipers, and the idol looked down upon them in content and triumph, and in his nostrils were now the catseyes, sparkling on either side. And a shadowy form that I knew for the ghost of the woman came before the god and fell prostrate and lay there praying for me; and the idol did not frown, but gazed still content; and I knew that the curse was lifted from me.

Then my eyes could close, and the fire went from them, and the darkness came and gentle sleep.

The next thing I knew was that Mac was pouring quinine down my throat, and we were out at sea and the sun was shining. And at Aden, where we coaled, there was a letter from Mary; and I was well again.

The Second met the fate he feared. You know from the papers how the voyage ended; no one knows, and only I can guess, how it came to end as it did. It was off Ushant, almost in sight of home. The Second had the watch. The moon was at its full; there was not a cloud to cast a shadow. The man at the wheel saw a huge rock loom on the starboard mow. He veered off a point to give it a wide berth; the Second came towards him and took the wheel himself. And then, the man declares, he headed straight for the rock, his eyes fixed intently in front of him, his hands a-tremble unavailing fear. The man thought he was mad, and tried to tear the spokes away; the Second, with strength almost supernatural, with one hand lifted him up, and hurled him to the lower deck. Then the ship forged on, straight to the rocks ahead.

The boats were lowered and quickly filled and were casting off. I sprang up to the bridge—I touched the Second's arm and took his hand in mine.

As I hurried down the gangway and across the forehold, a boom of the winch pinned him to the deck and he could not move.

Then, as I live, I saw a woman—a black woman—holding him in her arms, holding him down. There came a rush of water. The vessel slid back into the trough of the sea. The woman kissed him—he shrieked aloud—and the waves sucked them in together.

The curse of the catseye was completed.

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A TELL-TALE SCAR.

(Continued from page one.)

night visit of Celeste Duvall to bind him to her by an unknown oath.

He had come to the town looking for work as an artist and had opened a studio, only to find within a short time that the demand for art in that place was not sufficient to keep the gaunt wolf of want from his door.

He had seen in a photographer's window the photograph of Celeste Duvall, the daughter of the millionaire banker of the town, and had asked to make a portrait from it.

This he did, the photographer arranging for him to see the original, as though by accident, and thus he was brought face to face with the woman who was to guide his destiny, lead it to good or evil.

He saw in her a young girl of rare beauty of face and form, one to mar or make a man at her own sweet will.

She saw in him one different from others that she had known, of courtly, military bearing and a face not easy to blot out of a young girl's remembrance.

The portrait was painted without Miss Duvall knowing the fact and Lawson, the photographer, pronounced it an ideal work of art.

Then it was shown to the father of the fair original, who promptly handed over the price asked and sent it home to be hung in a favored spot in his library.

The money was a God-send to Donald Gray, and the portrait so proved, for the artist was looked up, the banker sat for a life-size portrait of himself, and from that day fortune begun to smile upon Donald Gray, and the gaunt wolf no longer howled at his door.

Not that he had become rich suddenly by his orders, for he had not, but he was no longer regarded as a poor artist haunting a lunch route for his meals.

He lived in pleasant quarters, had few friends, no intimates among men, save perhaps Fenton Duvall, the banker's son, and who looked too much like his beautiful twin sister not to be esteemed most highly.

A visitor at Banker Duvall's elegant home, there were a few who whispered that the artist loved Celeste, while many others openly asserted he would never win her against his many rich rivals in the field.

What the two most interested felt about the matter they did not make known to outsiders.

And so it was that little over a year after Donald Gray had made his home utterly among strangers another had come into his life, and to that other he had become oath-bound for good or evil.

And then there had come upon him, only a few hours after he had signed the mysterious paper for the woman he loved, other happenings in his life, deeds that went to make up a strange, weird tale, and brought upon him there in the early gray of morning men who flung into his face the charge of taking a human life, and placed upon his wrists steel manacles to draw him Cain-accused before his accusers.

Not a word did he utter to the officers of the law, save:

"I am ready to go with you."

He saw the steel manacles and held out his hands without the quiver of a muscle.

"You are cool about it, suerly."

"Doubtless he had the bracelets on before."

So the officers commented, and then while one went with him to a carriage waiting at the door, the other remained in charge of the pleasant bachelor quarters.

Half an hour after Donald Gray was in a cell behind iron bars and realized all that it was to be charged with being a murderer.

Asking for pen, ink and paper he was told that what he wrote must be seen.

He bowed in silent acquiescence and wrote:

"Dear Sir: In seeing your son to the train last night he entrusted the within key to my care to deliver to you.

"I called at your home last evening, but was told you had driven out to your farm for the night, so kept the key to deliver this morning, but being prevented from doing so, I send it by an officer."

Then followed the name. The note was given to the keeper to read, and then a peculiarly shaped key was placed in the envelope which was addressed to Richard Duvall.

The keeper locked the cell door and then mused as he walked away:

"He seeks to get rid of the very evidence that will hang him."

CHAPTER III.

THE DOUBLE CRIME.

The city was startled entirely out of its ordinary calm when the news flew through the streets that Merchant's National bank had been robbed the night before, the faithful watchman had been killed at his post of duty, but had made a confession while dying, and Donald Gray, the young artist, had been arrested as the robber and murderer.

Close upon the heels of this startling intelligence came out an "extra" from an enterprising morning daily such very correct information of the robbery and murder that it was evident that it had a paid man in police headquarters to get so near bottom facts.

This was the article, read by Celeste Duvall, locked in her own room, for her father had returned from the country and gone at once to his bank:

"A year ago there came to our city an unknown artist, whose excellent work soon gained him high standing in our midst.

"Who he was, from whence he came, no one knew, or knowing told, and the fact he kept closely to himself.

"It was rumored that he had been a sailor and certainly he had seen much of the world, was courtly in mannners, handsome and well educated, speaking several languages well.

"Those that knew him best, and they were very few, said that he was from the south and predicted a brilliant future for him, even to his marrying our city's most beautiful and richest heiress.

"He lived alone in pleasant bachelor's rooms, and seemed to be well supplied with funds.

"Today, Donald Gray, artist, is in a cell, charged with the double crime of murder and robbery.

"Last night, toward midnight, it is thought, the Merchant's National Bank, of which our honored citizen, Richard Duvall, is president, was entered and robbed, but of what sum is not known, though whatever it be will not affect the standing of so rich an institution.

"But the crime did not stop with the robbery, for the bank for some time past has kept a watchman within its wall, occupying a small room near the rear office.

"The bank was not broken into, but was entered by one who had the key of the outer door, and in some way had gotten the correct combination, enabling him to open the vault.

"It must have been that the robber entered the vault, secured what money he could readily lay hands on and was leaving when the watchman, Michael Harney, was aroused, and leaving his room, faced the intruder.

"What followed, the incoherent confession from the lips of a dying man, alone tells, for toward dawn Harney staggered into police headquarters, covered with blood, and all he could say was:

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How to Dye and Make Over Old Dresses, Wraps, etc., in the Latest Styles.

An edition of Home Dressmaking for 1899 has just been published and the Chicago Saturday Blade has made special arrangements to give a copy of the book to any of its readers who send the attached coupon with a two-cent stamp to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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With this book will be sent without charge, an instruction book for home dyeing, which will show you how to make your old clothing look like new by using Diamond Dyes.

"'Bank robbed—he shot me, and I hit him on head with glass instand, knocking him down—shot me again—I knew no more for long time—came here—it was—was——'

"Then Harney lapsed into unconsciousness and soon after died.

"Taking the watchman's key three officers visited the bank and found evidence of a struggle there, with red stains on the floor and wall, while the glass inkstand, a crescent-shaped affair, lay by the vault entrance.

"Nor was this all, for a letter lay upon the floor and the name upon it gave damaging evidence of who had been the robber-murderer.

"Upon the evidence of this silent witness officers went to the rooms of Donald Gray and arrested him.

"They found him dressed and walking the floor, he not having retired during the night, as his bed room showed.

"And more, they found that he had changed his coat, the one he had taken off being stained with blood, while on his forehead, close up to his hair was a crescent-shaped scar, a wound cut to the bone, which only could have been made by such a thing as the glass inkstand Harney said he struck the robber with.

"The wound had been neatly dressed and when arrested Donald Gray revealed an amount of nerve that was surprising, while a search of his rooms brought to light in a secret drawer, a package of money, bearing the bank's stamp and amounting to just ten thousand dollars.

"In the face of such evidence of guilt, so quickly found, Donald Gray is doomed to the gallows."

A later "extra" contained the information that Mr. Fenton Duvall, son of the banker and assistant cashier, had left the evening before to sail from New York city at daylight for South America to settle up some business for the firm, and that Donald Gray had accompanied him to his train and inadvertantly carrying off the bank key, the young man had given it to the artist to return personally to his father, and this was another link in the chain of guilt, if other links were needed.

The paper went on to say that the sympathy of the whole community was extended to Miss Duvall, for it was believed that she was secretly engaged to Donald Gray, who had proved so unworthy of her, end ended by stating that nothing had been missed from the vault, save the money already recovered.

Thus was Donald Gray found guilty before trial.

CHAPTER IV.

"REMEMBER YOUR OATH!"

"It's sorry I am for you, sir, in your troubles, and sure you don't look like a man to rob and kill, sir."

So said the keeper's wife as she placed a rather tempting dinner before Donald Gray.

"I thank you, my good woman, that you at least do not condemn me," said the prisoner, with a smile.

"There be others that do not, too, sir, the same being my daughter, Honora, who was down to see me this morning and brought—well, never mind what, but here it is, and it was sent by—you know who—Honora being her maid, as you may know, sir.

"And then I has my orders to give you the best, no matter what may be the price of the same—I'll come later, sir, for the dishes," and Honora's mother left the cell, having placed a sealed envelope upon the tray.

It was not addressed, but when alone, with flushed face, Donald Gray broke the seal.

It was but a line, and strangely cold and indifferent to the fate of the prisoner, for all it said was:

"To save yourself do not implicate another—remember your oath to me."

There was no signature and there need not be, for Donald Gray knew well the writing.

Honora was Celeste Duvall's maid, and she had taken advantage of the fact of her being the daughter of the jail keeper to send this note, not of sympathy, but of warning, with a dread that he might implicate another.

The artist's face lost its momentary flush of pleasure that he felt upon receiving the note and he looked pale and anxious.

"How strange such a note from her.

"Who could I implicate, even did I wish to have company in my misery, and then why remind me that I am oath-bound to her.

"Ah me, my cup is indeed over-running with bitterness which one short night has brought upon me."

He pushed the untouched food away from him and begun to pace his cell until aroused by the opening of the iron door.

He recognized the cashier of the bank, one of his rivals, and a man he had never liked.

He had been absent from the bank for a couple of weeks, but had returned to his duties the day before.

"Well, Mr. Gray, I am sorry to find you here, and I little thought when last we met in Mr. Duvall's home that our next meeting would be in your cell in jail."

"We little know what is before us, sir; but to what circumstance am I indebted for this visit, Mr. Marcus Sloan?"

"Why, I came to offer any kindness in my power, and—and—I wanted to know regarding a package of valuable papers taken from the bank vault last night—of no real monied value, you know, Gray, but necessary in the business that must come up today."

"Mr. Sloan, the law never writes a man down guilty until he is proven so, and until a jury convicts me of robbing the bank and murdering the watchman, I shall look upon myself as innocent of the crime I am charged with—good-day, sir."

"Ah, but, I thought——"

"That is enough, sir, go, and quickly."

The cashier did not like the look in the prisoner's face and obeyed with alacrity.

Hardly had the door closed upon him when another visitor came, this time a lawyer, young, and whose genius was rapidly making a name for him.

He, too, had met the artist at the Duvall mansion and the two had not been unfriendly, though the lawyer frankly admitted that the artist stood the better chance of winning Celeste than he did.

"Gray, I regret to see you here, indeed, but in spite of all looking very black for you now, your side of the story is yet to be heard.

"I was coming to see if I could serve you, when Mr. Duvall sent for me and asked me to take your case."

"You are very kind, Mr. Bateman, and I appreciate it; but Mr. Duvall asked you to visit me, you say?"

"Yes, for he still has faith that you can clear matters up for yourself."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

Do You Want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

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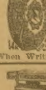

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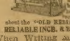

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LURED BY LOVE.

The Crime of a Village Beauty---A Story of Unrequited Love and the Betrayal of an Innocent Girl.

By H. R. ROMANS.

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in a country town. Anne and Bessie Paxton, the beautiful daughters of the village carpenter, both love a young physician, Dr. John Burris. He proposes to and is accepted by Bessie. This enrages Anne and she plots with Charles Marsh, son of the Brickville banker, a rejected suitor for Bessie's hand, to rob the bank and cast suspicion upon Dr. Burris. Marsh promises the physician shall not be prosecuted and Anne hopes to win his love by her fidelity during his trouble. Billy Glen, a hunchback, sees Marsh hide the money robbed from the bank, and sees Anne assault Marsh in the bank. He loves Anne, and though she hates him, he forces from her a promise of marriage as the price of his silence. Hiram Westlake, village marshal, discovers the robbery. Westlake believes city robbers did the job and starts to hunt them, but Charley Marsh accuses John Burris, who is arrested. A search locates the plunder hidden in a garden behind the doctor's office where Charley Marsh had hidden it. Bessie wants to visit her lover in jail but her father forbids her, and Dr. Burris believes she has deserted him. Forbidden to see her lover Bessie asks Anne to see him. Anne uses the interview for her own advantage. Anne and Billy Glen have an interview in which she is very kind to him to gain his help in besmirching the character of her sister.

CHAPTER VII.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Cruel and conscienceless as she had become, even Anne Paxton winced when she heard the malicious reports that were circulated concerning Bessie. Her remark to Billy Glen that all that was necessary was to start the evil report, was more than substantiated. The malignancy of the village gossips seemed concentrated in belittling the character of the young girl, who never before had done anything to cause her name to be bandied about.

The vile slander was not long in reaching the ears of Jason Paxton, and the strong man's wrath knew no bounds as he imbibed the venom administered by a well-meaning "friend of the family." Then he went to his once happy home and in a furious tones charged Bessie with what he had heard, and demanded that she deny it.

The persecuted girl was stunned by the words of her father. The fact that her fair name had been assailed by the lying tongues of the village was enough to drive the poor girl distracted, and coupled with the threatening demeanor of her father it completely overwhelmed her, and she took refuge in a storm of tears. Oh, how she was persecuted! Her lover was locked up in prison, charged with a crime against the state, and she was denied the privilege of seeing him. Now she was made to appear even viler than he!

Her failure to immediately deny the appalling charge and the bitter outburst of tears were interpreted by Jason Paxton to mean that she was guilty. For a moment a sickening sensation clutched his heart. Was it possible his Bessie was the vile creature the villagers said? It seemed she was, and his duty was clear, however hard the task.

"How dared you bring this shame upon us?" he demanded. "How dared you disregard the teachings of your mother and become the thing you have, and then come here to your home and expect protection from those whose confidence and love you have outraged?" Receiving no answer from the weeping girl he went on: "And so you thought to hide your shame by marrying John Burris, did you? Well, he may be glad that he is on the road that ends at the penitentiary, and is thus freed from mating with such an unclean thing as you."

"Please, papa, hear me speak," she moaned. "Will you not listen while I tell you it is all a base lie? It must be the vile work of the same one who is trying to send John Burris to state prison. Oh, who is so cruel; who is so heartless?"

Her protest came too late. Had she denied the charge sooner her father might have believed her; now he was convinced that his daughter had sinned.

"Don't attempt to crawl out of it that way. No one desires John Burris' ruin or yours either. You have both sinned and your sins have found you out. You have brought disgrace and shame to my house, but they will not stay long, for you have got to go. If your Chicago man was here I would insist that he marry you, but he is not; so you can go to him or the devil, for all I care; I don't want you here."

Bessie turned from him to her mother, who sat in her low rocker crying, her apron thrown over her head as if to shut out the heartrending scene between father and daughter. Bessie did not know that Anne, aided by a talkative neighbor, had already poisoned her mother's mind, and she knelt at her side and tried to pull the apron away from her mother's face; but she met with a repulse. Even her mother, the kindest and gentlest of beings, had turned against her.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, with an agony that would tear the soul of a listener, "you don't think I did that! Say you believe me pure!" She wound her arms around her mother and with tears running down her cheeks, implored her not to harden her heart. The kind old lady wept with her, but the edict had gone forth and she turned away from the weeping girl.

Denied solace and kind words from her mother, Bessie looked as a last resort to her sister. The pitiful, appealing glance she cast at Anne would have won the sympathy of anyone by Anne Paxton. But she was prepared. She had staid in the room and witnessed the scene just described with a feeling akin to exultation. Bessie was miserable now; as miserable as she was the night Bessie and John Burris plighted their troth. "Let her suffer," thought Anne. "Let her suffer more than I did, for she had one evening of happiness, and deserves to suffer more."

The chilly stare Bessie received from Anne was enough to satisfy her that she had no sympathy to give.

"Oh, God! Driven from home! Persecuted even by my parents and sister, and all for what? Why, oh, why is it? What have I done? Good Father in heaven, wherein have I sinned, that all this burden is placed upon me? Maligned and cast out as a wanton when I am as pure as God's own angels!"

She had knelt in front of the old sofa in the corner, and in the abandonment of grief thrown out her arms and clutched the pillow there. How often had she knelt there at the side of that old sofa while her father offered up prayer at the family altar, and as old Jason Paxton glanced at the fair young girl a sob almost overcame him; but he steeled himself with the thought of the duty he owed his other daughter—the dishonored child must be driven away; she must not remain to contaminate the pure one.

"Come," he said roughly to the weeping girl. "Lose no more time. The sooner you are gone the better we will like it. There is no place in this house for such as you."

At his words Bessie arose and stretched out her hands in supplication to him.

"Father!" she cried.

"Go!" he articulated, sternly.

"Mother!" entreated the poor girl.

The old lady did not even turn her head.

Bessie started to address her sister, but Anne turned away her head, and there was no other course for poor, persecuted Bessie but to pack her belongings and go forth to face the cold, cruel world, weighted with a stigma that would shut the doors of all decent and respectable people in her face.

She went into the little bedroom shared by her and Anne and proceeded to put a few articles of apparel into an old-fashioned carpet-sack, the only receptacle she could find for that purpose. Jason Paxton had always been proud of his two beautiful daughters, and he had kept them as well dressed as his means would allow. In fact, no girls in Brickville could boast of better dresses than those of Anne and Bessie Paxton. But Bessie scorned the fine clothes now. To her they were objects of hate—something she would never have need for again. She selected just what would be the most serviceable to her, for she had realized that she must go away somewhere and work, and reared as she had been there was but one course open—to become a drudge at housework in some farmhouse far away where the tale of her alleged wrong-doing would not follow her.

What a blight had spread over her young life since the unhappy moment that brought her the news of John Burris' arrest! Her happiness had been complete in the knowledge of his love; now she was plunged into the deepest pit of sorrow. To add to the other troubles that oppressed her innocent heart was the message he had sent by Anne, asking her to forget him. Ah! that she could never do. Even if he was guilty as he had confessed (according to Anne's message) she could not forget him or love him any the less.

Should she go to him now that she was freed from parental restraint? How much she longed to! Perhaps, though, thought she, he had already heard the cruel lies about her and believed them, as her own folks had, and she could not bear to have him scorn her and reproach her for her alleged perfidy. Better never to see him at all than have him denounce her as a vile creature with whom he wanted nothing to do, for John Burris had always been such a stickler for modesty and virtue in women. No, she would not see him. She would go away and bury her identity under a new name and try to forget with true Christian resignation the cruel usage she had received in quaint, beautiful old Brickville.

Gathering up the old carpet-sack of clothes, she passed from the house and down the yard to the gate. As she went out of the yard she turned and looked back at the place that had been her home since birth. The happy home of the past—now her home no more.

The old gate on which she had so often swung as a child and where she had received her first lover's kiss such a short while ago. It was but a few days, but already it seemed that years had intervened since she had heard John Burris whisper those beautiful words in her ear and then pressed his lips to hers.

Grief overcome her and it was some moments ere she could recover herself sufficiently to move away. Again she glanced toward the house. Not a face at any of the windows—not one of those dear to her would grant her the slight boon of presenting a tear-stained face at the window. curious neighbors were peeping from behind drawn blinds and others who were bolder stopped and stared at her as she passed down the village street on her way—whither she knew not. She was going away, and that was all her troubled mind grasped.

She passed the jail where her lover was incarcerated; she stopped and gazed lingeringly in that direction, and then took up her burden again and passed on. She brushed elbows with many of her former intimate friends, but she did not look up, and they did not speak. So, despised, forsaken, utterly scorned by the entire village, the maligned but innocent girl proceeded on her way.

Her steps were taking her toward the station on the railroad that she thought would take her far away from all her trouble; but even if she had applied for a ticket she would not have received one, as she had no money to pay for it.

The depot was about half a mile from the town proper, and on the way she became tired and stopped to rest.

"I will soon be able to go on," she thought; "so much trouble has unnerved me. I will rest just a moment, and then I will feel better." Then she sank unconscious upon the ground and lay as motionless as though dead.

Some boys passing by saw her lying there so calm and still that they were easily led to believe that she was dead, and they ran into the town and started another sensation.

Following so soon after the scandal of the morning the villagers were prone to believe that she had committed suicide, and hundreds rushed to the spot to get a glimpse of the dead girl.

They were disappointed. There was no trace of the dead girl or her carpet-sack. By some means, unaccountable to those who stood about, the girl and her luggage had mysteriously disappeared.

The town marshal did not waste time in formulating theories in this instance. This was a case requiring action, and he hurriedly formed several searching parties and started them in different directions with instructions to search everywhere in their territory for the missing girl. The others returned to their homes to discuss the matter and mourn over the lax morals of the town; yet not one stopped to think of the anxiety shown by the populace over the whereabouts of the body of the dead girl, as compared with the scorn they treated her with but a short hour before

CHAPTER VIII.

"I WILL MAKE HER MY WIFE."

Charley Marsh was in Chicago on business for his father the day Bessie's disgrace was accomplished. He did not return until late that night, and so did not hear of it until the next morning when he went to the bank. A crowd of loafers were standing on the street corner discussing the affair when Charley joined them.

"What is this you are talking of?" he asked of one of them.

The man in a few words told him the whole pitiful story.

"Who started that report?" demanded Charley.

"I don't know," answered his informant. "It is town gossip. It certainly is a fact that her father has driven her from home, and she has completely disappeared. Some think her dead."

"And they say it was Bedell who was with her?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can tell them it is a lie. It was I who was with her, and I will see that she is shielded from shame as far as my name will protect her," and he stalked away from the gaping crowd.

It was clear to Marsh from what source the report had emanated. He immediately recognized the work of Anne Paxton, and realized now what her "new plan" had been. He was quick to see that by prompt action he could reap some benefit from Bessie's awful predicament. By giving the Bedell portion of the report the lie and implicating himself, public opinion would demand that he make reparation to the injured girl, if she were still alive.

Charley Marsh did not wait for the demand of public opinion. After he left the loafers on the street corner he went directly to the Paxton home and asked to see Bessie. Jason Paxton himself met the young man at the door.

"What do you mean by coming here to inquire for her, when any villager could tell you she had been ordered from my home, and also give you the reason why?" thundered the old man.

"I thought you could tell me where she had gone."

"We do not know or care," answered the irate father.

"I fear, Mr. Paxton, that you were more severe on Bessie than she deserved. At least I should bear a part of her present trouble," faltered Marsh.

"Explain yourself, sir."

"It was I, not Bedell, who was in her company the night in question," answered Marsh.

"Then, by the God above us, I'll shoot you," roared Jason Paxton, rushing into the house.

The young man followed him through to the kitchen, and as he grasped an old rifle from its corner, Charley caught the barrel of the gun and held it tightly.

"Stop," said he. "You will only make matters worse by such a course. Bessie's

A LIVING WITNESS.

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It hides the age under a luxuriant growth of hair the color of youth.

It never fails to restore color to gray hair. It will stop the hair from coming out also.

It feeds the hair bulbs. Thin hair becomes thick hair, and short hair becomes long hair.

It cleanses the scalp; removes all dandruff, and prevents its formation.

We have a book on the Hair which we will gladly send you.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

reputation has suffered by associating with me; I am ready and willing to make reparation."

"You think a girl's good name can be purged of such a stigma with money! No! I'll blow your black heart out, you vile, lecherous libertine! You creep like the snake you are into a happy family, take advantage of a girl's innocence and trust, satiate your lust and then cast her aside as a toy of which you are tired. Then you come to the ruined home to offer money as a reparation! Ugh! Release me, that I may let this rifle speak my opinion of you!"

"Come, Mr. Paxton, be reasonable. Perhaps I may deserve your harsh words; we will concede that I do; but there is one thing sure: a girl in Bessie's position has more need of a live husband than a dead lover, so put down your gun."

"You mean——" began the old man, lowering the weapon.

"I mean," interrupted Charley, "that I want to make matters right by marrying Bessie, if she is alive, and I think she is. I had no intention of offering you money. I love her, and she is just as dear to me now as she was before all this trouble. I will marry her immediately, and as my wife no one will dare point the finger of scorn at her."

Old Jason Paxton actually smiled. This was the first ray of sunshine that had come to relieve the awful gloom that had settled down by the Paxton home.

He held out his hand to the young man.

"Do you mean it?" he cried.

"I do," exclaimed Charley, as their hands met in a hearty clasp.

"You deserve everything I said," exclaimed the old man, "but if you will do what is right by my fallen girl I'll forgive and try to forget."

The tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks, and when Charley turned and saw Mrs. Paxton standing by the window sobbing, he had some difficulty in keeping back the tears of sympathy that filled his eyes. Only the cynical, sneering smile that met him when he beheld Anne regarding him, kept him from betraying some emotion.

"Come, young man, we will procure a license and hunt her up. This matter must be attended to at once," and Jason Paxton passed out, followed by Charley.

"You seem to be making hay while the sun shines," quoted Anne in an undertone.

"Yes, there is no use wasting an opportunity," he replied.

"My plan is not so bad after all," she sneered. "Better than caging a man up in jail, anyway."

"I haven't a word to say as long as it works well. If it fails, then look out. You did it against my express command."

The two men proceeded to the courthouse, procured the necessary license, and then set about making inquiries to ascertain if anyone had learned her whereabouts. They were completely blocked—no one had learned where she had gone, and many insisted that she would never be seen alive again.

It was early in the morning, and the father and lover hastened to the spot where she was last seen, intending to take up the trail and search until they found her.

A short distance from where Bessie had fallen in a faint stood a little log cabin in which resided an old widow who eked out a very precarious living by the aid of a few chickens, a small garden and the charity of some of the villagers.

"Granny" West was a good old soul who attended church regularly. She tried hard to love her enemies (if she had any) and bear her burden of poverty with meekness and resignation. The warmest spot in the little old lady's heart, however, was reserved for Bessie Paxton. Her old heart beat with renewed vigor and the color came to her wrinkled cheeks when Bessie sang in the church; and at the end of the service Bessie was never so hurried that she could not find time to stop and pass a cheery word with the poorly-clad old woman.

Besides this, Granny West was the recipient of many a basket of good things from the hand of winsome Bessie Paxton, and when winter's chilly blasts set in the young girl always made sure that Granny West had plenty of warm clothing to shield her weak form from the cold.

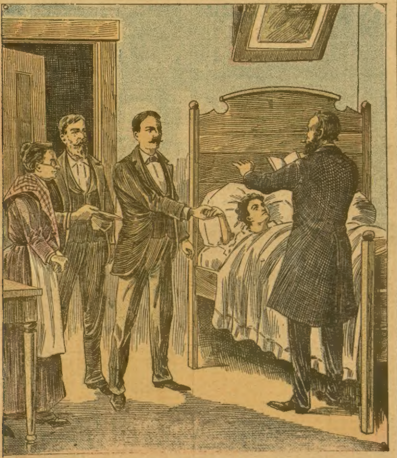
"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return," says the scripture text. Bessie Paxton, however, gave from the fullness of her heart, and not with the expectation of ever receiving adequate return of her kindness to Granny West. Little did she ever expect to be the recipient of favors from her.

The old lady found Bessie as she lay by the roadside where she had fainted. She helped her to her humble little home and there poor Bessie sobbed out her story of sorrow to the kind-hearted old lady.

"Never mind, deary," she said. "It will all come home to them sometime. It is terrible to be maligned, but the time will come when your persecutors will be known, and then people will know that you are innocent. Put your trust in the Lord, and remember that he chastens those He loves. This is your trial of faith, and hard as it is, you must not waver. As long as I have a roof to shelter me and a bite to eat, you shall share it, and no one shall bother you here."

She tucked the sad-hearted little girl into the great old-fashioned bed, and then sat by her side and ministered to her wants until night came, when she, too, retired.

Early the next morning she was aroused by the restlessness of her guest, and it did not take her long to discover that Bessie was a very sick girl. She busied herself preparing herb teas and other simple remedies known to the old-time housewife, and in administering them to the sick girl.



Charlie grasped the hand of the restless, delirious girl.

But the remedies had no effect, and, becoming alarmed, the old lady hastened away to the village and called for Doctor Smith to come to her home. The doctor was not in, so she left word for him to come as soon as he returned, and hurried back to her patient.

As she was on her way she encountered Jason Paxton and Charley Marsh as they stood near where Bessie was last seen by the village boys.

Granny West could not resist giving Jason Paxton a lecture for his treatmnet of Bessie; and it may be added that her words were very bitter.

"Do you know where she is?" Charley Marsh inquired, the first chance he had to interrupt her.

"No one knows better, when I found her lying in the high road, having fainted from the thought of the shame placed upon her. She is at my home now, sick in bed with fever. I have just been for Doctor Smith," replied the irate old lady.

"Thank heaven we have found her!" exclaimed Jason. "Go get Reverend Johnson, boy; go quick!"

Charley needed no urging. He started away on a run, his heart beating with rapture at the thought that he was so near to accomplishing his desire. Bessie would be his own in less than an hour; as for Anne's success he cared very little.

The minister was easily secured. Scenting a fat fee he was as quick in covering the ground to Granny West's cabin as the impatient young man could ask.

Poor Bessie was raging with fever. She moaned and tossed about in the bed and Granny West had some little trouble in keeping the cooling towels on her fevered brow. The delirious girl cried and moaned, alternately protesting with her father and begging piteously for sympathy from her mother.

"You know the story that was circulated about her, parson," said Jason. "Well, it was wrong so far as the fellow was concerned. Young Marsh here says it was he instead of Bedell, and he should know. He has the manhood to offer reparation by marrying her. Of course it seems out of place to perform the cermony while she is sick, but I think it should be done at once."

"Yes, the sooner in a case of this kind the better," answered the Reverend Johnson, fearful lest something might intervene to hinder the marriage, and the consequent loss of his fee. "Performing the solemn cermony may bring rest to her troubled spirit, and thus save her from severe sickness. Take her right hand, Mr. Marsh," and the minister opened his book.

Charley grasped the hand of the restless, delirious girl and the preacher opened his book to begin the sacred service. The expectant bridegroom's heart beat happily, for the girl he loved would be his wife ere another minute had passed.

This intensely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. See special announcement on page fifteen.

One Experience.

"Did you ever turn an honest penny in your life?" asked the business-man, severely.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike. "I gilded one and turned it into a $5 gold piece. But it didn't pay."

10 Routes to the South

Via the Comfortable Monon Route. Four trains daily via Cincinnati, two trains via Louisville. Equipment up to date. Send for Booklet. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago. City Ticket Office 232 Clark St.

Breaking About Even.

"I understand that Mr. Rosenbaum's twenty-five-hundred-dollar mare ran away, broke her leg, and had to be shot," said the new reporter to Mr. Rosenbaum's business partner.

"Yes," answered the partner dryly.

"And that his mother-in-law, who was in the carriage at the time, was thrown out and seriously injured."

"Yes. She died an hour afterward."

"What! Dead? Dear me! I suppose Mr. Rosenbaum is all broke up about it?"

"Vell, no. Mr. Rosenbaum seems to be almost reconciled. Of course he vishes it vas a cheaper horse, but, den, he t'inks dot, everyt'ing considered, he broke about even."

HAVE YOU A WEAK SPOT?

How to Cure Dangerous Consumption and the "After Effects" Which the Grippe Germ Has on the Human System.

PRINCIPAL SYMPTOMS AND ORGANS AFFECTED.

Lung Consumption, Heart, Brain, Stomach and Other Disorders Caused by Grippe, Are Cured by the New Slocum System.

FREE TREATMENT THAT CURES AND BUILDS UP THE "RUN-DOWN" SYSTEM.

Many people escape the Grip, but none of those who are attacked by it succeed in escaping its "after effects."

The reason for this is that when a person takes the Grip such person is not in perfect health at the time of the attack; there was a "weak spot" which furnished lodgment for the germs of the disease and their subsequent development.

A person in perfect health will not contract the Grip, because he has so such "weak spot," and the germs are promptly expelled from the system as unwelcome visitors.

As the health of a person who catches the Grip was below par at the beginning of the attack, and as the disease was never known to do anybody any good, it stands to reason that such person will be worse off when the active symptoms of the disease have passed off than before the attack; the "weak spots" are "weaker."

These are the "after-effects."

The germs of Grip always enter the system by the lungs, but if these organs are in perfect condition they afford no lodgment for the invaders; the germs pass the lungs and go into the circulation, however, in search of "weak spots" elsewhere.

In like manner are the "after-effects" manifested in the stomach, heart, muscles, brain, spine and other vital parts when any of them chance to be in a condition of lowered vitality at the time of the Grip germs' invasion.

But as these germs always enter the system by the Lungs, and at a season when there is more or less inflammation in those organs, due to colds, they oftener find a "weak spot" there than elsewhere. In the delicate lung structures they multiply at a rapid rate, and from there—a depot of supply—they quickly invade the entire system through the circulation—the blood—thus testing the resisting power of every vital organ in the body. Ferret-like, they seek out and discover every "weak spot" with unerring certainty, as is proven by the "after-effects" of the Grip; effects that remain after the symptoms of the disease have disappeared.

The distressing symptoms and conditions following an attack of the Grip or lung debility, are as follows:

In some cases there is a hacking cough, spitting of blood, hoarseness, night sweats, and other evidences that the Lungs were the parts that suffered most.

In other cases there is pain in the back and loins, dark rings under the eyes, symptoms showing a "weak spot."

Loss of appetite, bad taste in the mouth, indigestion, sour stomach, and other like symptoms may prove that the stomach was the "weak spot."

Melancholia, headache, sleeplessness, and general depression are indications that perhaps the brain, furnished the "weak spot."

In all cases there is loss of flesh and strength, flabby muscles, and a general bodily weakness.

"How are we to get rid of these 'after-effects' of the Grip?" is today the question uppermost in the minds of thousands of sufferers all over this country.

In answer to this question, Dr. T. A. Slocum, one of the world's most famous physicians, says:

"As the Grip germs enter the blood through the lungs, the 'after-effects' of the disease must be driven out through the blood."

This means that the blood must be nourished, its red corpuscles increased, and its every life-giving element multiplied and strengthened. When thus nourished the blood becomes a germ-killer and at the same time a carrier of nutrition to every organ and tissue in the whole human body.

The blood must be nourished by means of food medicines; medicines which tone up the stomach; and food that is easily digested and quickly assimilated. A Food Medicine that makes fat, muscle, and nerves, so necessary in feeding the blood.

The Dr. Slocum System of Medicinal Treatment meets all these requirements. It consists of Four Preparations, which act harmoniously and conjointly, affording prompt relief from all the distressing smyptoms enumerated, while it is feeding and nourishing the blood and facilitating the extermination of disease germs and their expulsion from the body through the medium of the blood.

Lung consumption, lung debility, loss of flesh, and all pulmonary troubles are also permanently cured by this treatment, the only one that has yet been found to insure a positive and certain recovery.

As a specialist in the study and treatment of all wasting and debilitating diseases, Dr. Slocum's reputation is world-wide. His remedies are the most powerful tissue builders, fat makers and blood nourishers known to the medical world. For more than a quarter of a century he has devoted himself to the study and cure of consumption and forms of wasting diseases. This accounts for his wonderful success in the treatment and cure of Lung Consumption and the "after-effects" of the Grip.

The System is within the reach of everybody. A complete FREE Course, embracing Four Preparations (Formulae Dr. Slocum) will be sent with full directions for use in any case, to any person sending name and full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Laboratories 96 and 98 Pine St., New York City.

When writing or calling, please mention reading this in The Chicago Ledger.

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A PAIR OF HEROES.

With Lieutenant Hobson in the Philippines---In Quest of His Lost Love---Adventures in Iloilo.

By HENRY DALE.

SYNOPSIS.

Will Dobson and Ellen Stanley were youthful lovers; while he was at college her father died; her uncle, a sea captain and supposed pirate took charge of her estate and induced her to go with him to sea. Will Dobson after hearing this learns that she is somewhere in the Philippine islands. He starts to search for her and is fortunate enough to fall in with Lieutenant Hobson who is on his way to join Dewey. Dobson and a guide reach Iloilo and are attacked by insurgents.

CHAPTER IV.

ELLEN.

In one of the small houses of Iloilo, built in oriental fashion, with its great sloping roof and quaint gables, was a young woman who had but recently been brought from Manila. She was twenty years of age and very fair. Her eyes were blue and her hair of gold, while her lithe, supple form was all an artist could ask.

She was never seen outside of the house, and, in fact, was closely guarded by a pair of Malay cut-throats, who seemed as ready to kill her as to grant her any favor. Her only companion, save her guard, was an old woman who, though very firm with her, was at the same time kind. She was an American, as one could tell by her manner and dialect.

"Mrs. Saunders, why did Uncle Robert Clogson bring me here?" the young woman asked.

"Let us believe, my child it was all for your own good."

"My good?"

"Certainly."

"How can that be?"

"Why would your uncle do anything not for your own good?"

"But Uncle Robert surely had no reason for this, and why does he keep me guarded here like a prisoner?"

"Captain Clogson is a man who no doubt sees deeper into affairs than we, my child."

"Yes, Mrs. Saunders, he may, but all was peace and quiet at Manila, and why should I be brought here now? I was left at Manila all through the siege and battle. You remember how shells fell into our very door yard and tore up the beautiful young palm which I had named William, after the friend of my childhood."

"Oh, my dear child, I remember those dreadful days only too well."

"Then as soon as peace came, as soon as the Americans were in possession of Manila, I am taken aboard his ship at night in a mysterious manner, and spirited away to Iloilo, where the storm cloud seems to be gathering."

"My dear child, I don't profess to understand it."

"Why don't my uncle explain?"

"He says it is to get you out of danger."

"But he is taking me right into danger."

"There are greater dangers, my child, than battle."

"What other danger could menace me?"

"I do not know. But Captain Clogson was very much excited when he came to Manila. He had learned during his last voyage of some danger menacing you."

"Danger to me?"

"Certainly."

"What was it?"

"I do not know."

"Did you never ask?"

"It is not my place to ask."

"Mrs. Saunders."

"Well, dear."

"There is some deep hidden meaning in the conduct of my uncle."

"I know there is, but it is all for your good."

"I don't believe it."

"Why, Ellen, you shock me."

"Mrs. Saunders, I never knew what grief, sorrow, or imprisonment was until my father died."

"Dear child, don't call this imprisonment."

"If not imprisonment, what is it?"

"It is protection for you."

"If being restrained by armed guards, who I expect will murder me, is protection, I am protected."

Mrs. Saunders threw up her hands in agony of despair, and I murmured:

"Oh, how ungrateful!"

"When father lived," Ellen continued, "we lived in my own home at San Francisco. I had friends and acquaintances; I saw people of my own color who spoke my own language. Then I had my friend and playmate, Will Dobson, who was a constant source of happiness to me. He and I used to lay nice little plans for the future, how, when we were grown up, we would be married and live happily. Oh, the world was so bright then! I loved Willie equally as much as my poor father."

"Don't think of him now, my child."

"I cannot banish him from my memory. Oh, Mrs. Saunders had you ever seen him, and known how manly and noble he was, you would never forget him."

"He was only a child then."

"Only a youth, and yet the bud gave promise of a fair flower of manhood. Willie, oh, Willie, where are you now?"

"Come, child, you must not take on so. Why, if your uncle comes and finds you crying he will think I have been neglectful of my duty. For my sake, child, do try and be cheerful."

"For your sake, Mrs. Saunders! I have done so much for your sake and so little for my own, that I have almost ruined my own life."

"Oh, dear, so rebellious, and your uncle coming!"

"Mrs. Saunders, you and uncle will find me growing more decided now. I am no longer a child."

"My dear child, what do you want?"

"I want to return to San Francisco."

"Well, we will, but do try to be cheerful, your uncle is coming, and Captain Liken will probably be with him."

"Captain Liken! Oh, how I despise that man!"

"Oh, my dear, don't say that! Captain Liken is such a love of a man."

"If he is not a scoundrel then I am very much mistaken."

"Why, he adores you."

"He can adore nothing but a bottle of beer or brandy. The ill-favored, drunken reprobate!"

"And to hear you talk that way! Why, my child, you will drive me distracted! What shall I do—I will faint if you keep on at this rate."

"Then you had better faint at once."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Mrs. Saunders was really very much distressed.

She was employed at a princely salary to keep the fair captive cheerful and content. A failure to do so might cause her discharge, and she was greatly concerned at the state of the young maiden's mind.

She wrung her hands and sobbed in agony as she went to the door of the bungalow, where the two guards were standing leaning on their muskets.

Glancing toward the town she saw two men coming. One was Captain Clogson and the other an Englishman of about thirty-five, whose face displayed brutality and debauchery.

"Captain Clogson," the Englishman was saying, "do you intend that my marriage shall be celebrated soon?"

"Upon the conditions I have laid down, Captain Liken. You are a sailor like myself." (He might have substituted rogue for sailor without doing truth any mortal injury). "We understand each other thoroughly."

"And you agree to my proposition?"

"Certainly."

"Then all is well, we will have it over with. You see that infernal Californian never for a moment forgot the sweetheart of his boyhood. He is hot on the trail, too, and we've got no time to lose."

"Where is he?"

"In Manila by this time."

"Indeed?"

"He came on with Hobson."

"Is he a friend of Hobson?"

"Yes."

"Then he is a dangerous man, a very dangerous man."

"He certainly is, and, captain, the sooner we get this over with the better."

Just then a native Filipino came running toward the American and Englishman, crying:

"Hi-hi—Americano," and waving a paper.

"Stop, here is something for me. What is it, Ruiz?"

"Come from Manila."

"It is instructions from my spy left there. He's a faithful fellow and will give us some information."

Clogson broke the seal of the envelope and read the contents. It was from Ricardo, his faithful spy and agent, brief as folows:

"An American named Will D. Dobson landed in Manila from the same ship that brought Hobson over, and went about inquiring for Ellen Stanley. I watched for an opportunity to put him out of the way, but none came. Have just learned he chartered a ship and has gone to Iloilo.

"RICARDO."

An oath burst spontaneously from the mouth of the captain, and he said:

"This is the luck we might expect. Here, Ruiz, go to the men you selected, send old Miguel and his men to watch the coast near the inlet on the north."

"Why are you doing that, captain?" the Englishman asked.

"He will land there."

"Won't he land from the bay?"

"No, the Yankee ships there are keeping up a blockade. If you see an American," he continued to the Filipino, "coming toward the city stop him with a shot, if he cannot be stopped in any other way."

"Si, senor," and the Filipino started on the run.

"Now I will block that fellow's game."

"Do you think he would dare came to the city?"

"Yes."

"Surely the Filipinos would arrest him as a spy."

"No. He is not a soldier or a sailor. They are so anxious to make a favorable impression on the American people, they will submit to almost anything."

"Well, he may pass your guards yet. Let us go and see the young maiden and perchance she may not object to the marriage, which is to take us back to America. Does she know of the presence of this young fellow?"

"No."

"That is well."

They reached the bungalow and passed the two guards on duty. Mrs. Saunders turned to her charge and made one more frantic appeal to her to keep still.

"They are here, my child, do be quiet."

She buried her face in her hands and said nothing.

"Well, well, my poor unfortunate niece," said Captain Clogson, entering the bungalow. "I cannot wonder at your being low spirited. Truly the incidents of the past few weeks have been trying on you."

There was no answer.

"Come, look up, my child; don't be downcast."

"Can I go home to San Francisco?" she asked, raising her tear-dimmed eyes appealingly to the captain.

"That is just what we came to talk with you about."

"Oh, can I go?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At once."

"Oh, uncle, you make me so happy," she cried, starting to her feet.

"But there are conditions under which you must go."

"What are they?"

"As the wife of this worthy gentleman, and not on any other condition."

She started, looked wildly to the right and left, then sank stunned and helpless on an ottoman, and burying her face in her hands, trembled.

CHAPTER V.

THE MEMENTO.

At the mouth of the cave Will Dobson and his guide paused a moment to send a few shots at the enraged Filipinos who, armed with rifles and revolvers, were crowding after them.

"We have much advantage in here," declared the guide.

"Cepota, do you know this cave?"

"Yes."

"Where does it lead?"

"Come out on other side, near sea."

"Go on, then, lead the way."

"Follow me. Give me hand."

An abrupt turn in the cavern took them into total darkness and out of range of the bullets from their enemies.

The Filipino guide took the hand of the American and led him down the long, winding cavern, feeling his way with his hand.

"Won't they be at the other side to head us off?" asked Will.

"No, senor. Have much too far to go."

They stumbled along over the broken rock for a long distance, and when tired of falling over rocks and bumping their heads against the hard wall, sat down to rest.

"How far are we now?" asked Will.

"Most half through."

"Only half through?"

"No, senor."

"That is not encouraging. I thought we would have been through before this."

"Way long under ground, senor; much longer above."

Will Dobson was very much disappointed. He knew that he had put his head into a lion's mouth and the chances of getting it out seemed very few.

"Cepota, how can we get to the city now?"

"We go to other side mountain, and we then get to town."

"But will not the Filipinos kill us if they find us there?"

"No—these lot dam robbers," declared Cepota.

"They may tell we are coming, and that we have killed some of their friends."

"I know Aguinaldo an' him a great friend. He will not let Senor Americano be harm when Cepota with him."

Will had had but little experience with Filipinos, but human nature is the same the world over, and he was not long in concluding that this fellow was over-estimating his own abilities.

There came a glimmer of light into the vast grotto and at the same time the confused murmur of distant voices.

"Cepota!"

"Si, senor."

"We are followed."

"Si, senor."

"Shall we run or fight?"

"Wait—give 'em h—l an' then run."

He understood the plan of the guide at once, and decided that it would be a good one to act upon. Throwing themselves behind some great stones, they cocked their repeating rifles and waited. Their pursuers were coming with torches determined to smoke them out. The light from the torches was reflected on their guns and gleaming swords. They could be heard talking in hurried voices, indicating they were very much excited.

"Shoot now?" asked the guide.

"Not yet."

"Come closer?"

"Yes."

"Be more sure hit?"

"We can't afford to miss now. Our lives depend on our accuracy. Cepota, be sure to kill when you shoot, wait for the word."

"Si, senor."

On came the men, bent on taking the lives of the American and his guide. The moment of intense anxiety had arrived. The Filipinos were coming very close, they could see the gleam of their eyes, and their rifles. Three of them carried torches and the others had rifles or pistols ready.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"They have come quite close enough; aim at your man—now, fire!"

Crack! Crack! Two claps of thunder in that cave, resounding with a thousand echoes, almost deafened them. Down went the torches, and two of them were extinguished. Crack! came one answering shot fired as one astounded and terror-stricken Filipino turned to fly. The bullet whizzed harmlessly over the American and his guide, flattening against the opposite wall. Will then ordered a second shot each, and the bullets went whizzing after the fleeing Filipnios. Will now suggested that the guide get the burning torch, as it would enable them the better to escape from the cavern.

"Muy bien, senor!" returned the guide, and he went back and got it.

"Come, senor, we now go."

"Did you see anything of them?"

"Three lay there."

"Where?"

"Where we kill um."

"Let us go."

"Come."

The torch was of great advantage. There was no more groping in the dark.

It only partly lighted up the cavern, which in places was vast, with lofty ceiling and great walls of massive rock.

Will told the guide to hurry as rapidly as possible, for he instinctively felt that every moment spent in the cavern took him that much longer away from Ellen, whom he could in his imagination hear calling to him to come to her relief.

"We must hurry, we must get through and to the city as soon as possible."

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."
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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"More hurry the less we go, senor," declared the guide.

"Perhaps you are correct, but you cannot appreciate my anxiety."

"We get out soon."

It seemed hours, however, before they descried far in the distance a mere speck of light, which seemed in the vast distance to be a star shining on a horizon of more than midnight blackness.

"Light, senor."

"I see it. Thank heaven.

"Soon be out now."

"Yes, it can't be far."

"Not berry."

"Do you know whether we shall meet them there?"

"Maybe not."

"If we do meet them what shall we do?"

"Fight or come back."

Will shuddered. He could not contemplate another battle, and the shedding of blood, without a thrill of horror convulsing his whole form. They pressed on and soon came to the opening.

"Wait," said the guide. "I will go forward and see if way clear."

"Go."

He crouched in a corner with his gun cocked. A few moments later the guide came back.

"Did you see anyone?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?'

"Negrito."

"An enemy?"

The guide shook his head.

"We can't tell," he said.

"Did he see you?"

"No."

They crept forward together, keeping a close watch on the form that sat on the rock outside the cavern.

When Will came close enough to see the man, he paused completely astonished. The being before him was a dwarf, so small that he scarce seemed more than a boy, but he had a beard on his face.

He wore no hat and his woolly hair stood out in a great mass or bunch in every direction. He wore a sort of loose linen coat, and white trousers, and his feet were bare. He carried a short, thick gun in his hand. Though not over four and a half feet in height, he was a giant in strength and as agile as a cat and swift as a roe buck. He sat with his back toward them, gazing out tokard the sea in a sort of an abstracted manner.

There was a peculiar ferocity about the man which made him look dangerous. Will gazed at him for several moments and asked, in a whisper:

"How are we to judge whether he is a friend or foe?"

"Ask him."

If a foe?"

"He will shoot us."

"Well, that seems risky, but you may try him. I will stand ready to put a bullet into him."

"Si, senor."

The guide stepped out from the cave and spoke to the Negrito in a language which Will did not understand. The little fellow turned his fierce face on him and stared at him for a moment without answering. But as he made no movement to use that short, powerful gun, he concluded at once that he was friendly.

"Come," said the guide.

"Is he friendly?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"He assures me he is."

"Can you always rely on what they say?"

"No, lie often."

"How are we to know he will not betray us?"

"Watch him, and shoot him if we do."

"That might not help us after we were betrayed."

The Malay grunted an answer which plainly indicated that he did not understand him thoroughly.

"Ask if he has seen any Filipinos here?" said Will.

The guide propounded the question, and the black, woolly head shook, and there was a strange gleam in those little black eyes which to Will did not seem like truth.

"Ask him how we can get to the city."

The guide asked and a moment later said:

"He will show us way."

"Can we trust him?"

"We must."

"I thought you knew the way to the city yourself?"

"I do, senor, but it is now filled with enemies who will kill us."

Will Dobson began to have grave fears of the Nigrito before they had gone far. To make matters worse he began to entertain some serious fears of his guide. The man had fought the enemy, had slain some of his own countrymen, but he knew that none of the Filipinos were above bribery. He might suddenly take it into his head to kill his employer for the gold watch and money which he knew he carried on his person. The guide went ahead with the little Nigrito and he saw them discussing some questions and occasionally casting glances back at him. The air, manner and singular gestures were well calculated to increase his apprehensions. His suspicions were increased when they suddenly plunged into a vast forest and down one of the somber paths pursued their course.

Were they leading him out into those dark shades to take his life, rob his dead body and leave him for the vultures to devour?

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEATH DANCE.

Will Dobson was so thoroughly convinced that the guides were going to betray him that he was tempted two or three times to level his Winchester and shoot them both. But his aversion to bloodshed caused him to refrain from the act. They suddenly came upon a bungalow and were told to turn in there and wait for a short time.

The hopes of the American began to revive. The dwelling was deserted apparently, though it had been occupied but a short time before their arrival.

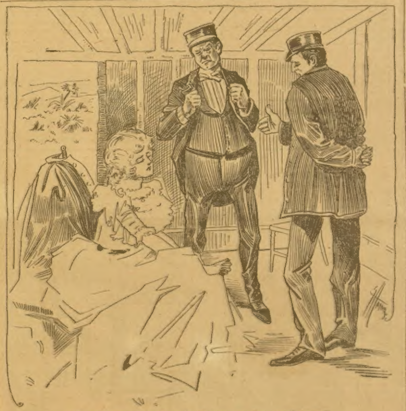
"Cepota, do you know if this house is the home of the Nigrito?" he asked.

"It is, senor."

"How long has he lived here?"

"Not many years. He came from Luzon; Nigrito live in Luzon most. Some come here."

The Nigritos are a race of dwarfs who have been supposed by some to be the original inhabitants of the Philippine islands. On account of their skin they were called Nigritos or "Little Negroes." In the Island of Luzon there are bands of them which even the Spaniards were never able to conquer. They are a wild fierce race of little rascals. They live in the plains and mountains and make frequent incursions into the country, plunder and destroy villages, murder and rob to their heart's content during the night time and then retreat to their mountain fastnesses before the dawn of day.



"Yes, return as the wife of this worthy gentleman."

They correspond in fighting qualities to the Apaches of America and are about as difficult to conquer. When sought after they always find caves and holes to hide in, and usually escape. They have some knowledge of agriculture and raise some cattle on the plains, but they much prefer stealing to work. Their daring is simply wonderful.

Will Dobson had read of the Nigritos but had never seen one before, and to say he did not at all like the appearance of this fellow would be a mild statement of a real fact.

He waited until the Nigrito had gone out on some pretense, and then, turning to his guide, said:

"I fear this fellow cannot be trusted."

"Why, senor?"

"He looks like a scoundrel."

"Maybe he is," the guide returned, with provoking indifference. He took some tobacco from his pouch, rolled a cigarette, and smoked with an unconcern that was maddening to Dobson.

"How soon are we to start for the city?"

"Soon," answered the guide.

That was very indefinite, for to a lazy Filipino soon may mean in a week. The moments glided swiftly by and the anxious American was all eagerness to be going.

"If we are to go to the city at all, I want to go, live or die," he finally said.

"We wait and have breakfast by and by, then sleep and then we go."

The Nigrito entered with some fruit which he offered them and they ate. Then he brought some water in an earthen jar to drink, after which he pointed to some mats and bade them rest. There seemed to be nothing better for it than to lie down and sleep. As Will had slept little for two nights, he was really in need of repose, and he was soon asleep despite his anxiety and eagerness to be going. Before going to sleep he had cautioned his guide on the danger they were in, and suggested that one of them remain awake. The fellow promised to take the first watch and swore by all the saints he would not close his eyes.

Will placed his gun under his head and lay with one hand on his revolver, to be ready to defend himself if he should be attacked. Fatigued and in need of sleep as he was, his sleep was not dreamless. Ellen the fair object of his thoughts was ever on his mind, even when he slept.

He seemed to be near her even in slumber. They were walking along a path on the sides of which the most beautiful flowers grew. The gentlest of breezes were wafted to their cheeks and they talked of the bygone days when they were children, and they heard the sweetest music from birds of the most beautiful plumage.

Suddenly the scene changed. A cloud came over the beautiful sky. A blast of cold air sent the birds shivering from the trees and the beautiful flowers were withered in an instant as if by the blighting winds of winter. He turned to Ellen, who clung to him and whispered:

"Dear Willie, now I have found you after all these years, don't let us ever be separated again."

"We shall not be."

"He is coming."

"Who?"

"Uncle Clogson, see!"

Just then he saw coming up the path, as if borne on the wings of a black simoom, the captain, at whose very frown all the heavens seemed to darken.

"What are you here for, ungrateful niece?' he cried, and the world seemed to tremble as if a thunderbolt had suddenly been thrown against it.

"Spare us, uncle!"

"I will spare neither of you. You shall die!"

Will made an effort to spring before her, to protect her with his own body, but he was held fast. Some monster seemed to have seized him from behind and pinioned both ths arms to his side.

He fought and struggled with might and main to free himself, all the while half-strangled with a strange kind of odor, as from incense.

A shriek at his side caused him to look through the thin film of smoke toward his guide, whom he saw tied and helpless and surrounded by half a dozen little rascals, while fully a dozen were gathered about him.

Will made a desperate effort to rise from the ground, but he was tied so firmly to the great flat board on which he lay that he could not move.

He understood it all now. They had been deceived. The little black thieves had led them to the bungalow for the purpose of murdering and robbing them.

"Cepota, what does this mean?" he asked.

"We are to be murdered," the guide answered, with a wail of horror at his fate.

"Silence, you coward! It is owing to your infernal negligence that we are now captives!"

"It is not, senor."

"Didn't you sleep?"

(Continued on page ten.)

LIFE SAVED BY SWAMP-ROOT.

Dr. Kilmer Has Discovered a Remedy That Cures All Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Swamp-Root, discovered by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, has truly wonderful power in curing kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease. Your kidneys filter the blood and keep it pure.

By special arrangement with the Ledger every reader will be sent by mail prepaid a free sample bottle and with it a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and containing some of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured.

Please mention that you read this generous offer in Chicago Weekly Ledger and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can get the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes at the drug stores or from medicine dealers.

MEN MADE STRONG--NO DRUGS

A child may inherit a parent's strength, it may inherit his weakness. There is food for sober thought expressed in that sentence. Strength is a natural condition, weakness the reverse. For thirty years I have been showing men the road to strength. I have demonstrated a natural remedy to be the true remedy. I have made a specialty of nervous and organic weaknesses in men as a result of youthful errors or later excesses, such as Drains, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele, &c. I could not give you as good service as some doctors in fevers, or pneumonia, or small-pox. I am no authority on obstetrics or tuberculosis. Of course I studied these subjects, but this is a day of specialties. I know the nervous and glandular system of men. That's my strong card. I treat weak men, and weak men only. In the beginning, let me say I use no drugs. When I take your money I want to give you value in return. I couldn't do that and give you drugs for weakness. They stimulate. They give "quick results," but you fall back into a worse condition. You are weak, you have robbed Nature by abusing her laws, but she is magnanimous, she is forgiving. I will ask her to give that strength back to you. I am the inventor of an appliance which puts in your hands a means of using Nature's great restorer, Electricity. It is the famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with attachment for men. Mind what I say. In ten years from date this Belt will be the world's remedy for such. This is no boast. I received 5,000 testimonials last year. All absolute cures after all else had failed. The treatment is most common sense. It appeals to better judgment. It is the long continued use of the pure galvanic current which does the work. Ordinary batteries are worthless. They do not generate the volume, and cannot be applied long enough. That's why I invented my Electric Belt. It was to fill a want. You put it on when you go to bed, take it off next morning. That's what does the work. Seven hours of Nature's strengthener each day for ninety days, with a little sound advice to suit your case. That is all. That will will bring you back to strength.

FREE BOOK. If in or near these cities call, consult and examine free of charge, or if at a distance write for "Three Classes of Men," which explains all. Sent in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence given faithful attention.

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or 183 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO. ILL.

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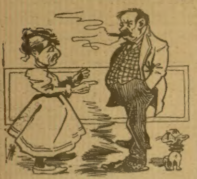
Fortunate.



Husband—Wasn't I a fool when I married you?
Wife—Well, you bet! But fools always have luck.

The Kissing of Kitty.

A gallant tandem had carried Jack Dasher and sweet Kitty Charmynge far into the wilds of Jersey on that glorious afternoon of the early summer, and they had dismounted in a grassy dell for a few moments' rest ere turning the head (light) of their wiry steed once more toward the busy haunts of men. They seated themselves upon the moss covered trunk of a fallen tree lying beside the road, while the rustling of the breeze-stirred overhead mingled with the happy songs of birds. And so impressed were they by the manifold beauties of their surroundings that for several minutes neither spoke. Then Jack's eyes wandered in the direction if Kitty. He noted the exquisite beauty of her profile and the picturesque effect of her graceful pose, and he felt an indefinable longing take possession of the region immediately surrounding his youthful heart. At last he broke the silence:

"Suppose I should kiss you," said Jack.

The abruptness of the observation sent a delicate blush in wild career over the cheeks of the maiden. Her eyes dropped to the grassy sward and her fingers carelessly plucked a daisy growing near.

"I'd scream," said Kitty.

This reply had a very discouraging effect on the youth, and he relapsed into silence. Five minutes passed, during the foliage still rustled, the birds still sang and Kitty still played with the daisy. Then he had an idea.

"But no one could hear you," said Jack.

The eyes of the maiden left the daisy and wandered away to where a robin balanced himself on a swaying twig. Evidently she found the crimson breasted little beauty a very interesting study in scarlet, for she regarded him intently, while the blush continued its occupancy of her tempting cheeks.

"I know it," said Kitty.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Maiden's Way.

"Ah, me!" she sighed, "'tis much too cold
To go to church today;
I fear that I should catch my death—"
Just then she saw a sleigh
Stop out in front—she saw her beau
Step forth and tie his steed,
And the cold at once became a thing
That the maiden didn't heed.

She hurriedly put on her wraps,
Her heart was beating high;
She thought of other sleighs that they
Would go cavorting by;
She took her place beside him, and
Their charger sped away—
It was too cold to go to church,
But not too cold to sleigh.

Misunderstood.

A class was being examined in spelling the other day at a well-known school, when the following episode caused much laughter:

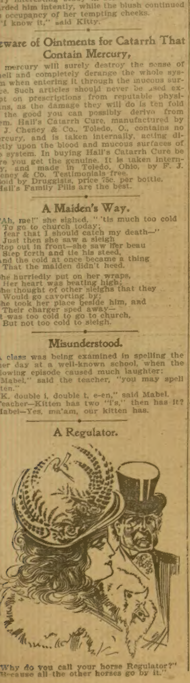
"Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K, double i, double t, e-en," said Mabel.

Teacher—Kitten has two "i's," then has it?

Mabel—Yes, ma'am, our kitten has.

A Regulator.



"Why do you call your horse Regulator?"
"Because all the other horses go by it."

Overlooked.

Mrs. Beeswick—I can't see why those people next door don't take a hint. They're always sending over to borrow something. If we did the same they might have an excuse, but we've never got anything from them yet.

Mr. Beeswick—My dear, you are mistaken. Didn't we get the measles from them?"

Our Social Distinction.

"Why do you hold that Miss Perkenham is not your social equal? Her father is one of the wealthiest men in this part of the country, isn't he?"

"Yes, but my parents were married by a minister. Hers were joined by a justice of the peace."

At a Disadvantage.

"I wonder what made that Indian chief give up and run. It's something unusual with him."

"I suppose," answered the man who never acknowledges that he doesn't know, "he has been so used to sneering at the 'pale-faces' that he got rattled when they sent a detachment of colored troops after him."

Not to be Caught That Way.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "how many is the half of eight?"

"On top or sideways?" asked Tommy.

"What do you mean by on top or sideways?"

"Why, half from the top of 8 is 0, and half of it sideways is 3!"

Naturally.

Hicks—Why is it that Bons, since he has went into the candy business, does not speak to his old friends any more?

Jarley—Oh, I guess it is because he has become so stuck up.

Quick Work.

Women are always getting taken in by the men."

"By the women, too. Did you ever see a woman who couldn't take in another at a glance?"

Naturally.

"The doctors had a consultation yesterd

"What was the result?"

"I understand that the family lawyers now in secret session."

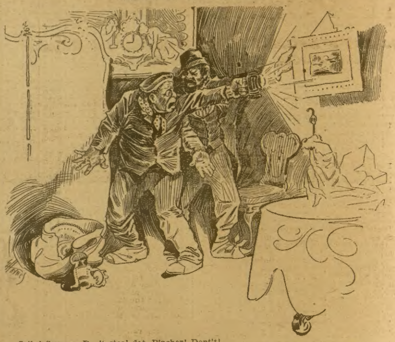
A Painful Experience.

"I got a bad tumble today."

"What was the matter—skating?"

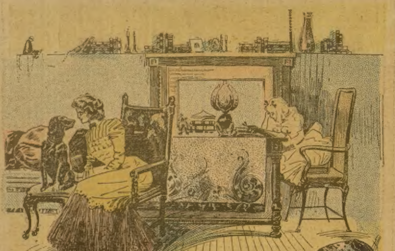
"No—got dropped from the pay roll."

FEAR OF CONTAGION.



Soiled Sammy—Don't steal dat, Pincher! Dont't!
Pincher Porter—Sure! De paintings in dese big houses sell for all sorts uv money.
Soiled Sammy—Yes, but dat's a wash-drawing.

SHE COULDN'T TELL.



"Am I descended from a monkey, ma?"
"I dare say, but I'm not sure, for I never met any of your father's people."—Truth.

Overdoing.

"Hit do seem ter me," said Uncle Eben, "dat some folks gits to be sech accomplished apologizers dat dey lays dahse'fs out makin' excuses when dey orter be learnin' manners."

The Soldier Boys who had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla are said to have stood the long marches much better than their companions. This medicine gives strength and endurance.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25 cents by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sure.

Phyllis—Are you sure you love me?

Corydon—I ought to be. I think I have been in love often enough to recognize the symptoms.

The Dachshunds and the Kid.

The funniest picture published. Send ten cents for a framing copy. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A. Monon Route, Chicago.

The Artless Maid.

Hunker—I asked Miss Kittish for a kiss last night.

Harkins—She turned you down, I suppose?

Hunker—No; she turned the gas down.

The Begining of Her Rule.

Susie—Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

Her Father—The woman.

◆

Goodly—What is grander than a man you can trust?

Cynicus—One who will trust you.

A Dangerous Experiment.

City Physician—I confess, Mr. Inland, that I cannot tell as yet what is the matter with you. You say you were in good health when you left Inlandville?

Caller (weakly)—Perfect health, perfect.

"How long have you been in the city?"

"'Bout three days."

"How have you passed the time?"

"Just walking about quietly looking at the streets and the people."

"Humph! Very strange. Then you hadn't even a commission to execute—no purchase to make?"

"No. I spent my whole time trying to do what my wife said. She told me to watch all the well dressed ladies and give her a description of the latest fashions."

"Ah, I see—brain strain!"

Familiar Lines.

Young Man—I came to inquire whether you have read those jokes yet that I left here a few days ago?

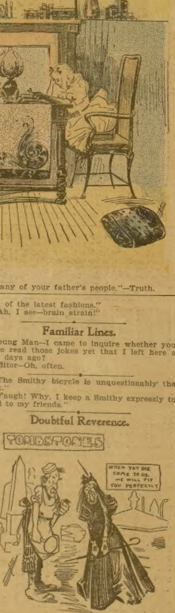
Editor—Oh, often.

◆

"The Smithy bicycle is unquestionably the best."

"Faugh! Why, I keep a Smithy expressly to lend to my friends."

Doubtful Reverence.



TOMBSTONES
WHEN YOU DIE COME TO US. WE WILL FIT YOU PERFECTLY

Widow—No, I don't want any sentimental stuff on my husband's tombstone. Just put "Age 76. The good die young."

She Knew Him.

Mrs. K—— had engaged a robust, middle-aged colored woman to do some housecleaning. During the progress of the work Mrs. K—— said:

"A colored man came along here one day last week and wanted work, and I let him wash some windows, but he did not do the work at all well."

"What fo' lookin' man was he?" asked the helper.

"Well, he was a big, strong fellow, and he had but one eye. He said that his name was White. He did very poor work."

"I specs he did, lady. He's de wus no-'count in dis town."

"Oh, then you know him?"

"Know him? Why, lady, I's mah'ied to 'im!"—Harper's Bazaar.

Too Much Weight.

First Sport—Did the favorite carry much weight?

Second Sport (in disgust)—He must have carried a ton judging from the way he ran.

◆

An Oklahoma lawyer named Crank has petitioned the court to change his name.

◆

The world's annual taxes amount to the enormous total of $4,500,000,000.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 24 Bar St., Canton, O.

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TERRIFF'S PERFECT WASHER

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AT POSSUM RUN.

Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

No. 7.

This is a story dad told me after Lemuel Raleigh had been made to treat by ducking him in the mill pond, so it goes without saying that the incident occurred a long time ago, when schoolhouses were few and far between, and school-teaching was not the science it has become of recent times. I remember the old schoolhouse quite well and I doubt much if the up-to-date Possum Run children could be induced to attend school in such a building as their grandfathers did. It was a rough log structure the crevices of which were "chinked" and plastered with clay to keep out the chilly blasts of winter. The benches were rude a airs made of hewn logs placed on stilts, and they were so rough that homespun jeans, tough as it is known to be, could not withstand the ravages, so patched pants were common then.

There was no stove, but in lieu thereof was a great fireplace in one end of the room in which was burned large chunks of logs which cracked and sputtered as the flames came in contact with the sap of the green logs. The ceiling was open to the rafters, and loose boards or slabs lay upon the stringers overhead, upon which many a mischievous boy had taken refuge when pursued by the teacher bent upon his punishment.

The teacher was a burly young man about thirty who was a firm believer in the virtue of the rod, and he ruled the school with an iron hand. He started right in the first day of school to show the unruly boys that he was their master, and there were precious few of the male scholars who did not have sad remembrance of an encounter with the teacher in which the pedagogue was the victor.

As the Christmas vacation drew near the scholars began to speculate as to whether the teacher would comply with the old-time custom of "treating" the school. Other teachers had established this custom so dear to country school children, and they looked for Christmas time with its little package of candy and fruit with undisguised yearning.

It is just possible that Henry Smith, the teacher in question, would voluntarily have "treated" had not some of the larger boys injudiciously threatened that if the "treat" was not forthcoming they would make it interesting for him. Not that they cared for the candy and oranges, they insisted, but it was a custom and the teacher must respect it.

Of course these threats reached the teacher's ears and he immediately announced there would be no treat, whereupon the larger boys met at recess and decided upon a plan for action. The succeeding morning, which was the last day of school previous to Christmas, the boys were on the ground early and when the schoolmaster went near the door to get a log of wood to put on the fire he was suddenly shoved through the open door, which was locked and the firewood heaped up against it.

A moment later he appeared at one of the windows and demanded to be let in. The spokesman of the crowd shook his head and told him he could not come in unless he came with a basket full of candy. The teacher swore a good round oath that he would come in, and without the candy, too.

He picked up a club and smashed a pane of glass and grasped the window sill to climb in. One of the boys had heated the poker and he seized it and applied the red-hot tip to the teacher's hand. With a howl of pain the hand disappeared and the teacher danced about on the snow below, vowing vengeance upon the fellow who had burned him.

By this time the younger scholars were crying and the large girls were imploring the reckless boys to yield and let the teacher in, but even if they had wished to cease hostilities they knew full well that it was too late and that as a matter of self-protection from the irate schoolmaster the door must not be opened.

The teacher picked up a heavy rail and using it as a battering ram attempted to beat down the door. Whether the men who built the house had intended it to withstand such an assault or not does not matter, but certainly if such was their intent their object was accomplished, for the heavy oaken affair did not budge.

Tiring of this he retreated up the hill some distance to take a calmer view of the situation. The boys noted this and called after him to go for the treat.

"Never!" he answered with a curse that brought fresh tears to the children and girls.

Next he got a long rail and placed it from the ground to the eaves of the house and started to climb up his improvised ladder.

"He's coming down the chimney!" cried one of the watchers.

There was a hurried rush among the boys; benches were broken up and stuffed up the chimney and the fire logs from the pile at the door were brought and added to the barricade of the large open fireplace. In a few moments a muffled curse was heard up the chimney and the boys knew their activity had not been in vain. Then they heard him climbing back over the slippery roof.

One of the daring boys unlocked the door and slipped outside. He cautiously withdrew the rail from its support on the eaves, and thus the teacher was left without means of getting down from his perch upon the comb of the roof.

The teacher did not know the rail had been removed, so he cautiously wiggled his way down the sloping shingles, hoping to soon touch his foot on the end of the rail. Not finding it he turned half round to see if he was to one side of it, and then he lost his hold and went rolling down the roof. His trousers caught on a nail and thus he wes turned completely around and fell headlong into a deep snowdrift below.

A shout went up from the schoolroom when the teacher was seen to shoot into the drift, and when he stood there buried to the waist, his legs wildly fanning the air, the big boys fairly exploded with laughter.

In a minute the pugnacious teacher was out of the drift and stood upon the bank shaking the snow off like a dog after a plunge in the water.

"I'll get even!" he yelled at the scholars.

He ran up in the wood some distance, where some wood choppers had been at work the previous day. Here he secured an ax and thus armed he returned to the fray.

"I'll kill some of you," he cried, as he caught sight of the faces at the window.

"Say, fellows, that fellow is going to cause trouble," said the spokesman, his cheeks blanching as the teacher began to chop at the door.

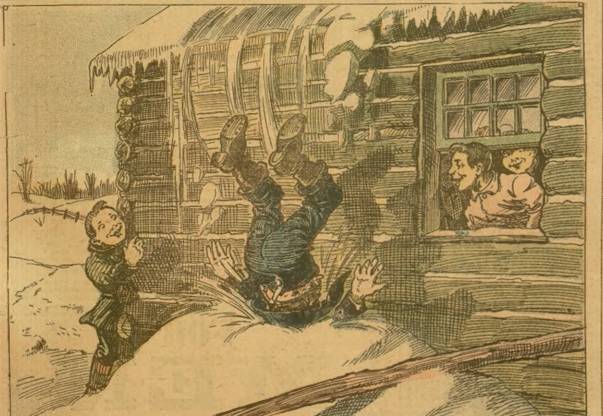
Whack! whack! went the ax and soon the sharp, bright steel began to show on the inside of the door.

"Let's git!" whispered one of the boys. Several of the more timid crawled through the window, and soon there was a veritable stampede in that direction.

The teacher, intent on chopping down the door, did not notice the exodus, and when at last he found himself inside there was not a boy in sight save several little fellows who were hiding behind the older girls, and all were huddled up in one corner as if they expected an attack from a madman.

Furious as he was the teacher could not repress a smile as he walked to the window and saw the boys scampering across the fields to their homes.

He dismissed school for the Christmas vacation and when the week was up he was there to receive the ones who had locked him out. Some did not return, others, compelled by their parents came back and each and everyone concerned in the lockout received a thrashing that he never forgot. At least that is what dad says, and he is one of those who haven't forgotten.



He fell headfirst into the snowdrift where he stood buried for a moment, his legs wildly fanning the air.

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THE CAT SHOW.

Hear the purring of the cats—
Stately cats!
What a gorgeous aggregation of Maltese aristocrats!
How they purr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r
In their ornamental cages
As you softly stroke their fur,
Like a practiced flatterer,
And inquire about their ages—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of feline rhyme,
To the purring from these pampered pets that pine on Persian mats—
From the cats, cats, cats, cats,
To the pur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ing of the cats!

Hear the howling of the cats—
Yowling cats!
What a wealth of rage and longing lingers in their sharps and flats!
In the startled air of night
How they scratch and screech and fight!
How their fiery eyeballs glare!
How they bawl!
How they hiss and growl and swear,
And hold their swelling tails in air,
And caterwaul!

Oh, from the surrounding flats
What a gush of blasphemy, washbowls, old shoes, old hats,
And bed slats,
And brickbats
These cats have dodged! See the cats,
That smirk and simper to your pats!
Are they good for catching and dispatching
Any rats, rats, rats?
Oh, rats! rats! rats! rats!
Rats! rats! rats!
What's their record when it comes to catching rats?

Prepare for Spring.

Don't let this season overtake you before you have attended to the important duty of purifying your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. By taking this medicine now you may save sickness that will mean time and money as well as suffering later on. Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you rich, red blood, good appetite, good digestion and a sound, healthy body. It is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Its unequalled record of marvelous cures has won for it the confidence of the whole people.

The Sagacious Hero.

"No," declared the captain; "I positively decline to lead my company up that hill."

"Sir," exclaimed the colonel, "do you know that what you are saying is rank insubordination?"

"Call it insubordination or what you will," the captain returned; "but I refuse to go."

The colonel was furious. The company that he had detached for the purpose of storming the hill and capturing the fort on top of it was the only one that could be spared, and unless his plans as arranged were executed the whole campaign would fail. Not only that, but his little army would in all probability be cut off from the main body and wiped out of existence.

It was a critical moment. The captain could be court-martialed and shot for his refusal to obey orders, but what of it? Every man was needed. To court-martial and shoot the obstinate captain would not be to take the hill and the fort. He was the only man who could do it with the force at his command.

What was to be done? The colonel gnawed his mustache and thought hard. At last he decided to appeal to the captain instead of ordering him.

"Think, man, think of the glory that you will win if you do this thing," he urged.

"I know all about that," the captain replied.

"Well, for heaven's sake, don't you want to be a hero? Think of it! The entire nation will applaud you!"

"I realize that, and I am anxious to become a hero; but I positively refuse to do it until you drive all these correspondents back and keep them off the field. I propose, if I do this business, to retain the sole magazine rights on it. I'm not going to do a heroic thing and then let somebody else get $500 a page for writing it up!"

So the hill was taken, and the far-seeing captain is now living in luxury and winning new laurels with his pen.

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Pace of Camels.

Seven miles an hour is the camel's best pace. Nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is about five miles an hour—a slow, lounging pace, beyond which it is dangerous, with nine camels out of ten, to urge them, or else, as Asiatics say, they "break their hearts," and literally die on the spot.

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A Poet of Passion.

He wrote some very pretty verse, in which he told, you know,
How he longed to sleep with quiet heart, 'neath daisies in the snow.
He dumped that poem in the mail and then rushed home, 'tis said,
To raise a row at insufficient bedclothes on his bed.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Woman's Frog Farm.

One of the sights of Friendship, New Jersey, is the frog farm of Miss Mona Selden. Miss Selden was a school teacher in New York a few years ago. Ill health forced her to take up a unique occupation. Miss Selden visited a market one day and saw dozens of frogs' legs on sale. She found that they were high-priced and immediately got the idea that she could make money raising frogs.

The country around Friendship is dotted with marshes and small ponds that during the spring and summer are full of frogs of all sizes. This land was considered of little value, and when Miss Selden offered one of the owners two dollars an acre for twenty acres of the wettest and boggiest of it he jumped at the chance to sell.

The first thing Miss Selden did to her property was to fence it in. She had two strands of wire strung around it, and when her purpose became known to the neighbors they sat in the village stores at night and cracked jokes at her expense.

It was late in the season when Miss Selden finished the job of fencing, and she spent the winter in reading everything she could get hold of that told about frogs, and when she wasn't reading she was out in a barn shooting at a mark with a target rifle.

When spring came and the frog season opened the former school teacher could hit a bull's-eye at sixty paces, and she went to shooting frogs on her preserves and shipping them to New York. The first season she cleared $1,500.

Then those who had laughed at her went to shooting frogs and sold them to her, while she shipped them to New York at a nice profit. That was five years ago. She has since made from $3,000 to $5,000 a year in the business.—New York Herald

A New One on Erastus.

The man with the hare lip opened his new year successfully by teaching a new trick to Erastus, the bartender who toys with lemon peel and hot whisky glasses and the like near the classic shades of "Mory's." He entered the saloon and called for a "hinty hot ale," emphasizing the second word.

"Beg pardon?" returned Erastus, thinking that the name of some new decoction was being sprung upon him.

"Hinty hot ale," repeated the man as before.

"You'll have to come again. I don't get that," replied Erastus.

"Hinty hot ale!" returned the stranger, this time quite loudly.

"Oh! a whisky cocktail, eh?" re-echoed Erastus, triumphantly.

"At ut I ted!" was the reply, with the emphasis on the last word.

"Wha-a-a-t?" asekd Erastus again.

"At ut I ted!"

"What's that?" Erastus inquired once more.

"At ut I ted!" this time loudly.

"Needn't holler," blandly continued Erastus. "I ain't deaf. Try it again, please."

"At ut I ted!"

"That's what you said? Oh, yes! Of course. I beg your pardon again," said Erastus. "Of course you did," and then he set his arms at work among the fluids behind the bar with the sweep and grace of a Dutch windmill. When the drink had been created and drunk the hare-lipped one sat the glass down on the mahogany before Erastus with an air of satisfaction and said with some earnestness:

"Ake it oo!"

"What is that?" inquired Erastus.

"Ake it oo!"

"What?"

"Ake it oo!"

"Make it two?" guessed Erastus, half apologetically.

"At ut I ted!"

"Oh, all right. Make it two. Glad you like 'em." And Erastus proceeded with the exercise preliminary to setting another of the seductive drinks before his customer, who, when it was done, quickly tossed it where it would do him the most good, and then calmly gave this proposition to Erastus:

"Hake you haw uum?"

"Do what?" was Erastus' reply.

"Hake you haw uum?"

"I don't catch your meaning this time, sure," said Erastus.

"Hake you haw um! Hake you! Hake you!" piped the hare-lipped man still more earnestly.

"Shake me for 'em?"

"At ut I ted!"

"Well, say," went on Erastus, "you've got a beautiful nerve. Why didn't you ask me at the beginning if I'd shake? Come in here and take up my time for half an hour trying to interpret your jargon, and now you want to shake dice with me for drinks you've already had. Well, you beat 'em all." And the discerning Erastus began to conclude that he was being worked, and successfully worked, too. "Tell you what I'll do, though," he went on, half in love with the hare-lipped man's plan of action. "I'll toss up a coin with you to see who does pay for 'em. Here's a quarter. What'll you take, heads or tails?"

"Hay!" responded the hare-lipped man, and Erastus, understanding him to mean "heads," flipped the coin. It came down tails. "It is tails," joyfully commented Erastus, turning to the stranger.

"At ut I ted!" was the sententious reply of the hare-lipped man.

Erastus looked aghast for the moment. For an instant he glanced at the club behind the bar. Then he realized that a quarrel with a hare-lipped man was not in his line, and so, when a quartet of Yale students who had been the witnesses of his discomfiture cried out with much sound of joy over it, he joined in the laugh, and the hare-lipped man improved the opportunity to go out.

High Lights.

Every day begins unhappily; we have to get out of bed.

Candor in a man cuts off old friends and holds off new ones.

Even faith-cure advocates never try to run a furnace without fuel.

When a man knows music he isn't expected to know anything else.

Never speak ill of yourself. Others are already working at the job.

Real charity consists in being tolerant toward the faults of people we don't like.

A man can't fool his mother; but she never tells, because she feels responsible for him.

If we could see ourselves as others see us we would take our oath it was somebody else.

A woman who is very pretty always makes other women discover how much more clever they are.

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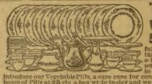

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56 PIECES. Full size for family use, beautifully decorated & most artistic design. A rare chance. You can get this handsome china tea set & one dozen silver plated tea spoons for selling our Pills. We mean what we say & will give this beautiful tea set absolutely free if you comply with the extraordinary offer we send to every person taking advantage of this advertisement. To quickly introduce our Vegetable Pills, a sure cure for constipation, indigestion & torpid liver, if you agree to sell only six boxes of Pills at 25 cts. a box write to-day and we send Pills by mail, when sold send us the money & we send you one dozen Silver plated tea spoons together with our offer of a 56 piece china tea set same day money is received. This is a liberal inducement to every lady in the land and all who received the spoons and tea set for selling our Pills are delighted. AMERICAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Dept. R, 30 WEST 13th St., NEW YORK CITY.
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A New Hampshire housekeeper was troubled for several years with biliousness, which often developed into even more serious symptoms. She consulted local physicians, but found their prescriptions gave her little relief. Her son, who had learned the value of Ripans Tabules through the advice of a friend, naturally recommended his favorite remedy to his mother and gave her three bottles of the Tabules. To her great surprise they helped her very much and having continued using them, she now finds, for the first time in five years, she is actually well.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.
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FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 644 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial package will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who wries will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

"IT IS IGNORANCE THAT WASTES EFFORT." TRAINED SERVANTS USE
SAPOLIO

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

26 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday.

—BY—

W. D. BOYCE CO.

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BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

In next week's issue one of the most thrilling and powerful novels ever published in the Ledger will be begun. The story is from the strong pen of Emma Howard Wright, and the reader will find it wonderfully dramatic and original. Do not miss it.

The greatest menace to the liberties of the American people is the trusts. When the last industry of the nation is organized in co-operation against free competition, and that disaster seems not distant, the freedom of the citizen will be practically at an end. With startling rapidity the day is approaching when a few marvelously rich men will rule and all the balance of the American people will be servants. The day of the small proprietor has almost passed, soon all the independent middle class must join the ranks of those who serve. If effective steps are not speedily taken to avert the throttling of the principle of free competition the greatest and most ruthless plutocracy the world has ever known will reign over the people and shape the destinies of the United States. Will nothing arouse the citizenship of this country to its imminent peril?

The past year has witnessed the formation of more trusts than any other in the nation's history. The very pillars of liberty seem crumbling, law and usage and the people's rights are being swept away in the [illegible] to combine capitalistic power and [illegible] the producer of raw material and the consumer [illegible] the many that [illegible] product. Where will it end? We predict that the people will awaken ultimately to find themselves absolutely helpless. Are we so wise a people as we pretend? Sane men should not sit passive and permit themselves to be [illegible]ed and sold into slavery.

As a devoted admirer of Mr. Kipling, Grover Cleveland should lose no time in taking that willful young man in hand and showing him the awful future that awaits the advocates of expansion.

Ex-Governor Taylor of Tennessee granted [illegible] pardons, commutations and respites during his two years in office. On the last day of his term he signed forty-three pardons.

[illegible] government by [illegible] and how it is apparently about to [illegible] ence government by investigating committees.

No people but Americans will put up with [illegible] in most American cities are constantly subjected to by the street railways.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

Never Failed to Cure Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

The profound and comprehensive investigations of Prof. Edward E. Phelps, the discoverer of Paine's celery compound, have robbed disease of much of its alarming character.

Nature has provided in the liver a safeguard without which every one would be [illegible] from the slightest imprudence in diet. The blood loaded with poisons reaches the liver, the excreting function of that organ arrests them and they are thrown back to the bowels. This is the action of the healthy liver, but this perpetual overwork at last does what every unnatural strain does for other organs—impairs or destroys their excreting power and opens the door to Bright's disease and diabetes. Paine's celery compound enables the liver to work without taxing itself to pieces. It supplies nervous energy to the organ and prevents irritation. It purifies the blood and does not leave the whole purifying task to one organ, whether liver, kidney or bowels. It obviates the collapse of any one of these organs and prevents disease.

It not only regulates the nervous organization, but directly nourishes it, sends more and better blood to supply the wasted nervous tissues and takes the killing strain from the kidneys.

When pain appears in different parts of the body and one feels tired and depressed the use of Paine's celery compound will drive away the rheumatism pain or the fit of indigestion and correct the failing appetite which keeps pace so closely with the digestive power.

Here is the [illegible] letter as it was written on Dec. 12 last by Mrs. William Nelson, who is cashier of the Central Relief Committee of Chicago:

"Gentlemen:—I have used Paine's celery compound several times for the past two years for liver and kidney trouble. I have [illegible] for a medicine [illegible] Paine's celery compound always did. There is nothing like it. It is splendid."

[illegible] purified blood, kidneys [illegible] stomach secreting abundance of digestive juices and a toned-up state of the nerves. For this there is no need of further proof as to the value of Paine's celery compound than can be furnished by the reader's own neighbors if you will take the pains to make inquiries. The best test of the value of Paine's celery compound is to try it.

Hypnotism for Drunkeness.

Hypnotism is now being used in the treatment for the cure of alcoholism. Doctor Rybakow, a German physician, who is a specialist in this line and who has tried hypnotism on many of his patients, [illegible] claims that alcoholics are very susceptible to hypnotism and subject themselves to the hypnotic influence much more readily than many other patients. The favorable effect of the treatment shows itself in the im- provement of the subjective symptoms, the disappearance of the depression, of the apathy and, finally, in the complete [illegible] of the thirst for alcohol. Sometimes one sitting suffices not only to overcome the desire for the habitual potion, but also to break off an acute attack.

By repeating the sittings one may at times delay the patient's cravings; the intervals, however, vary, depending entirely upon individual characteristics. Complete cure by hypnotism, according to the experience of Doctor Rybakow, is seldom obtained; relapses also are [illegible] quent. However, other physicians report instances of complete cure by hypnotism. The duration of the treatment depends especially upon the degree of degeneration; the milder the degeneration the most positive and lasting the cure.

The Mocking Bird.

The mocking bird is common in almost all parts of America, from the south of New England to Brazil. North of the Delaware, [illegible]

By day the mocking bird [illegible] itative, excelling all birds in its power of imitation, [illegible] the song of one bird and then of another, and often deceiving the most practiced ear by its perfect [illegible]. It seems also to take pleasure [illegible] In domestication, it gives [illegible] almost any sound which it is accustomed to hear, passing from one to another with great rapidity, so as to produce an incomparable medley. It readily learns to whistle a tune, even of considerable length, but there is no authentic instance of its imitating the human voice. [illegible] is for the most part natural. Its food consists chiefly of berries and insects. The yolk of a hard-boiled egg is relished, though it should not be given oftener than every other day. Bird fanciers always keep on hand a mixture of several seeds for the special diet of mocking birds.

Climate and Color.

Climate has a great effect on the color of the complexion. For example, the Caucasians are of all complexions according to the climate, but white is the natural color. Thus, a native of northern Europe is fair; of central, less so; of southern, swarthy; a Moor, more so; an Arab, olive; and a Hindu, nearly black. Such of the Hindu women [illegible] as the inhabitants of the south of Europe.

ONE MOTHER.

By Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

[illegible] I
Would blur with tears your boasted victory.
Ah, God, the mocking of your flags unfurled!
You gained a land, but I—I lost my world.
Oh, men of many boasts, what have ye done?

[illegible]

He Found It So.

Pupil: What, in your opinion, professor, is the most difficult mathematical problem?"

Poor Professor (grimly)—Trying to make both ends meet, [illegible]

A PAIR OF HEROES.

(Continued on page eleven.)

"By the saints, I did not.

"Cepota, will you die with a lie on your lips?"

"Saint Anthony forgive me; but it was only for a minute."

The oldest of the black dwarfs came to them at this moment and told them by signs they must keep quiet.

Dangerous weapons, such as clubs, guns, pistols, knives and spears were brandished before their eyes.

Then they were lifted on the shoulders of four stout [illegible] and carried from the [illegible].

"Where [illegible] with us?" Will asked.

A blow on the side of his head with a bamboo stick warned him that he was not to speak. The guide did not venture an answer.

[illegible] for a mile, then they came to a small open space, a little grassy plain, through which flowed a stream of water. Here they were placed on the ground at the roots of some trees.

The natives began to form a circle about them.

The prisoners were placed on their feet still tied to the boards, so they could witness the imposing ceremony.

All the weapons, short guns, spears, knives, machetes and clubs were placed inside the ring.

Then with a wailing sort of monotonous chant they all joined hands and began to dance about the prisoners.

"This is the death dance," the guide groaned. "When they have danced awhile they will kill us."

Will Dobson closed his eyes and began to pray.

The continuation of this very interesting story will be found in next week's Ledger. Special announcement on page fifteen.

Europe's Hermit Sovereign.

Hidden away in the exquisitely picturesque and magnificent castle of Eisgrub, in Moravia, an old world ruler has just celebrated in solitude the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne. He is not insane. On the contrary, he is one of the most intellectually brilliant as well as the most kind-hearted of European sovereigns. Yet during these forty years he has been practically invisible to the world. No one save his only brother and his confidential secretaries and servants know even what he looks like, and his subjects, like the rest of the people on the continent, can only form conjectures as to the nature of his appearance.

This hermit ruler is the [illegible] of Liechtenstein, an independent sovereign, who, theoretically, is still in a state of war against Prussia. For, when, in 1866, the various sovereign states of Germany were called upon to [illegible] either on the side of Austria or of Prussia, the prince of Liechtenstein cast in his lot with Austria, boldly declaring war against Prussia, and put on a war footing his army of about 300 men.

After the conclusion of the campaign [illegible] But somehow or other the principality of Liechtenstein was overlooked or forgotten by Bismarck, and as if his attention had been drawn to the matter it would have [illegible] indemnities [illegible] tion of Prussia to the neglect. No peace having been concluded, therefore, between [illegible]

[illegible] for [illegible] of [illegible] smallness of his dominions, is one of the very wealthiest rulers of the world. The fact [illegible] necessary.

He only [illegible] at [illegible] son, and likewise his palace at Vienna during the carnival week. But while his guests [illegible] for anything, and are simply overwhelmed with delicate attentions they never set eyes on their host throughout the entire [illegible] they are underneath his roof, and [illegible]

It is [illegible] has not rendered the prince a misanthrope is shown by his boundless charity and philan- [illegible] the honorary membership of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Austria. He is close upon 60 years of age now.

His next heir is his brother, [illegible] Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, and who will succeed not only his vast estates, but likewise to his soverignty of Liechtenstein and to his dukedom of Troppau.

In the Interest of Labor.

[illegible] today.

"What for?"

"They had a sign in their window: 'Jones & Smith, Importing Tailors,' and Casey, the new policeman, arrested them for violating the alien contract labor law."

From the Infant Class.

The Sunday-school class of which little Eddie is a member wanted to elect him chairman of the class organization. He indignantly refused the proffered honor, ex- [illegible]

Blondin's Bicycle.

The wooden bicycle used by Blondin in his famous ride across the Niagara Falls on a rope is still in existence and was sold [illegible]

IN LIFE'S
SPRING
TIME

ATWOOD'S MASCOT.

A Story for Both Young and Old---Search for a Thief---A Boy's Task as a Detective.

By M. L. RUSSELL.

SYNOPSIS.

Harry Atwood, a reporter, is assigned to ferret out a gang of thieves. He makes the acquaintance of Reddy, a bootblack. Reddy has lived with thieves and sets out to assist Atwood, having first helped to rescue Martha Weld from Boston Jim.

CONCLUSION.

Reddy was to keep in communication with the reporter, posting him upon any event of importance.

Harry repeatedly urged him to give up his plan and confine his services to less dangerous paths, but with no success.

"You've been awful good to me, and I guess if I was able to get along with them a year ago, I ain't afraid of them now," he said, as he left the house.

As he descended the stairs, Mrs. Finnegan was heard to exclaim:

"May the Lord protect you and give you sense enough to take better care of the next place you get, you little villain! Oh, my oh, but it's you's the fighter, and you nearly ate my poor Timmie," while from the depths of the Finnegan kitchen, out from the rags that covered Tim's bandaged face, a boyish voice called:

"Good luck to you, Reddy! We'll have it out when I can get away from me mother!"

Several days passed. No word from Reddy—Atwood was becoming extremely nervous, blaming himself for allowing the poor little fellow to enter again the bitter life he had so recently escaped from.

Passing down the street in front of the city hall—he had passed there repeatedly since he and Reddy parted in hope of seeing the waif, resolved that if he once more came in contact with him he would compel him to give up his desperate undertaking and return to the new life that had opened up to him.

"Shine? Shine 'em up! Only a nickel!"

Harry's heart almost stood still as the familiar tones fell upon his ears. Leaning back against the railing, he placed his foot upon the box, waiting patiently for the boy to begin.

It was the same old Reddy who had left his room a few days before, with the exception that he was slightly cleaner than he had been after his fracas with Mrs. Finnegan's Tim.

The scratches on his face were healing and once more it was possible to see the bright, intelligent blue eye that was working its way from under the swollen brows.

"Say, but it's all right! I've got 'em dead—Boston Jim's standing in the doorway across the street watching you—don't look! He's onto you for the punch you gave him the other night, but he didn't tumble to me and the brick'

'Gosh! wouldn't he skin me? I'm to pipe you off and find out about you. Jim's got a big job on hand, and he says when it's done he's going to 'do you for fair and git.' Don't be skeered, though, I'm with you—we'll fool him. He'd better look out or I'll do him."

"Say, you're a nice bloke kicking over that shine! What d' you want for a nickel?"

Atwood felt that something unusual was up, and dropped into line with the boy's humor:

"You're the worst fakir of a bootblack I ever ran across," he exclaimed. "Do you suppose I'm giving up good money for such a job as that?"

While this controversy was being carried on, Atwood noticed that a stranger had sidled up along the railing to hear what was taking place, then apparently satisfied with what he heard, turned and moved slowly away.

"Say, that's him."

Atwood, without appearing to notice the stranger, had seen that it was the man called Boston Jim, the enemy of Reddy, and in all probability the leader of the burglars for whom he had looked so long and earnestly.

"Say, I'll put up a job on him," said Reddy, "you'll be one of them picture fellows that has boys like me stand up to be took. I'll tell him you want me to go to your house 'cos you want to paint me, and that I can find where you live and then he'll know all about you and can get at you to get square."

Atwood was pleased with the suggestion.

"Here, bub, I don't want them worn out! Here's your money. Say, I'll give you a quarter to come to my room and sit for your picture."

The dark stranger heard the proposition, and a gleam of triumph for a moment swept over his face mingling with the bitterness of revengeful hate that was so apparent in every lineament.

"Take my picter? No yer don't!" exclaimed the boy. "Not if I knows it!"

He turned toward the waiting stranger.

"Go with him, you fool. Find out where he lives and who he is and size up things and let me know all about it tonight!"

In a moment Reddy was at Atwood's heels with:

"I ain't a-going to go back on my word and I ain't a-going to go for no cut-rates—make it a half and I'm your chicken."

The bargain was quickly concluded and the pair started down the street while the evil-faced stranger, with an expression of relief, turned away satisfied that it was now only a question of time when he would be avenged for the blow he had received and the bitter disappointment attendant on being foiled in his designs upon Martha Weld.

"Well, ain't I glad to be home again'" said Reddy, as the door closed and they were alone. "I tell you, chum, it makes me feel good."

"Well, I'm awful glad to have you back with me. Hadn't you better drop this thing? I guess I can get along now, if you will post me with what you've found out about the gang."

"You? Well, I guess nit! They wouldn't do a t'ing to you! You'd just be meat for that gang!"

"What do you mean, Reddy?"

"Oh, just nothing 'cept Boston Jim's laying for you, and he'd get onto your pitchin' an' then where'd I be?"

"But this is a case that is altogether too big for you to handle."

"Say, chum," said Reddy, in an injured tone, "what are you givin' us? Don't I know the people better'n you do? Ain't you me friend and gardeen? And here you're a-goin' to take chances with dat gang dat would slit your windpipe as quick as they'd look at you."

"I'm awfully afraid that you may get hurt, or that something may happen to spoil the whole affair, now that it looks as though things were coming our way, that's all. We may not get another chance at these people. And as I look at it it requires a longer head than yours, Reddy, to foil the rascals and bring them to justice."

"Just listen to that! A 'long head!' Say, what d'ye t'ink's goin' to fool Jim and de gang—one of dem college fellers—a Sunday school man—or a feller like me that's been brought up wid 'em and who they t'ink's as bad as demselves?"

"You haven't told me how you found them yet. Tell me your story, and then we'll know better what to do."

"When I went out Tuesday," said Reddy, "I felt just as if I was losin' me only frien'. An' there was de gang on the corner, an' I says, 'Reddy, you're up against it,' but de gang says, 'Reddy, yer all right—de corner's yours, an' you're de boss of de gang if you want to be. We ain't lookin' fer no trouble wid you and don't yer fergit it, nuther.' An' me an' Conners an' Dolan shook han's an' they says, 'Let's be frien's,' an' the next I knows there was a yell an' lots of men runnin' an' hollerin' an' Peter Jones goin' fur all he's worth—like he burst a b'iler—an' a copper at his heels—an' Peter's a goner—an' he sees me an' he says 'Kid, I'm copped!' Jest then I started to help the cop ter ketch 'em an' the cop was bigger'n me an' went up ag'in me 'cos I was stooped over—an' he'd just grabbed Peter an' over he went! Then he says to me, 'Blast yer, kid, I've a min' to haul ye in fer gittin' in the way,' says he; I says, 'What do yer mean by steppin' on me an' hurtin' me back? I was jest a-goin' ter ketch his heels when you spilt out all over me, an' the cop was mad an' the people said it was a shame to let the ruffian go 'cos he was 'fraid to grab him, an' then pick on a kid—an' he was no good an' ought ter be sacked.' An' when the crowd scattered an' I was laffin' at the way the cop looked when he was a-jawrin' me, Boston Jim says, 'Yez kept Pete from bein' pinched, kid,' an' then he says, 'I'll be blamed if 'tain't Reddy! Where's yer bin all dis time, you red-headed son of a gun!' An' I grinned an' says I, 'Hello, Jim!' jest as if I wasn't lookin' fer him, 'how's Sheney Kate an' de gang?'

"'Say,' says Jim, 'ye're jest the kid we want. I never thinked yous would amount to anyt'ing, but I guess when you had to scratch fer yerself it knocked a little sense inter yer red head.' An' he laffed like it was a good joke.

"Jim tol' me to cum down ter Wood's Alley and see the boys. When I walked in on 'em there was Peter an' Kate an' a young feller that looked as if he was in hard luck, an' his name is Smithy—he's afraid of Jim an' he don't like him at all—an' there's Jim a-laffin' an' Peter says to me says he:

"'You did me a good turn, Reddy—I guess it pays for all the trouble I had in bringin' yer up—yer was too good when yer was young an' it took a' awful lot of licking to get yer to do anyt'ing fer the gang.'"

At this point Reddy broke off suddenly.

"Say, what do you think—the next place they're going to crack is the house of yer boss"

Atwood sprang to his feet excitedly, his eyes dilating with surprise:

"What! Rob my employer? When?"

Jim said as how he thought he'd give the old man a s'prise visit from Santy Claus, an' Christmas mornin' he'd have a scoop all to himself. He said 'A good big scoop is worth a lot of money an' booms a paper an' the old man oughtn't kick, 'cos he was playin' right into his han's.'"

After a long talk Reddy left the room, the plan of action having been fully determined upon.

In the morning Atwood called at the office to report progress and was immediately admitted to the sanction of Marcus Weld.

His employer's face, usually impassive, was marked with lines that betokened the greatest anxiety. The bright eyes were now dimmed and thoughtful. At the young man's entrance a flash of pleasure drove away the gloom.

"Good-morning, Mr. Atwood, what luck? By the way, you have placed me under great obligation to you by your courageous action. Not a word, sir," as the reporter stammered that "it was nothing at all." "Martha has told me all about it."

"I am very sorry your daughter was subjected to any such annoyance, but it was a most fortunate occurrence for me, sir, as it furnished me a clew that has rendered easy the task upon which I was engaged. It also placed me in possession of this little memento which a brick skillfully thrown by Reddy knocked from the rascal's hands."

While speaking he had placed on his employer's desk the pearl-handled revolver.

"Mine!" gasped Weld. "Where did you get this?"

He called the attention to the handle—mother of pearl inlaid in solid gold with the monogram "M. W."

"Twelve years ago this revolver, with many other valuable articles, was stolen from my house." The strong man bowed his face on his hands and wept. Finally he recovered his composure.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Atwood, but that little toy brought back a painful memory to me."

"I am exceedingly sorry that in any way I have been unfortunate enough to revive the recollection of a great sorrow," said Atwood, "and I earnestly trust that something may turn up to enable me to be of assistance to you."

"Tonight Boston Jim and his associates have determined to give you a call. I desire to know what arrangements can be made to receive them without serious inconvenience to yourself and family. We might close in on them now, but I would much prefer to catch them in the act, if such a thing can be done without injury to you or yours."

"I shall be prepared to receive them," was the reply.

A casual passer-by would not have noticed anything unusual about the Marcus Weld house that afternoon. A certain number of parcels were carried to the side door. Some ordinary looking men in working clothes were admitted. The indications were such as would lead the observer to think that a few changes incident to Christmas were taking place.

The only thing strange was that once admitted none of the workingmen left the house, but in the hurry and bustle of the neighbors this passed unnoticed.

Christmas eve set in and the Weld house was lit up with its usual brilliancy. The gorgeous gilt chandeliers in the halls and rooms sparkled as they never sparkled before. Costly silver plate glistened on the

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A CHILD'S All-Wool SUIT $1.90

Made from remnants of our fine $2.00 and $3.00 a yd cloth which was left over from our Great Tailoring Department. $1.90 don't pay for the cloth, to say nothing of the making and linings. Order today before they are all gone.

REMNANTS will accumulate in our large tailoring store—do what we will we can't avoid them. Upon taking stock recently we found on hand over 1300 remnants, in each of which there was enough material to make a child's suit. The cloths consisted of genuine imported all wool English cassimeres & Scotch cheviots, all medium & dark shades, in neat fulm xtures & neat check patterns. None of the cloth cost less than $2 and up to $3 a yd. We made every remnant into knee pants suits, to fit boys from 4 to 15 years old, and now offer them for the wonder price of $1.90. The suits are splendidly tailored, perfect in fit & style and are guaranteed fully worth double our price.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with choice of shade and pattern; give age of boy, state if large or small for age and we'll send the suit C.O.D. by express, and allow you to try it on the boy before you pay one cent. If just as represented and worth double our price then pay the express agent $1.90 and express charges. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory. Write for free cloth samples of suits for boys from 4 to 19 years old.

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PUZZLE

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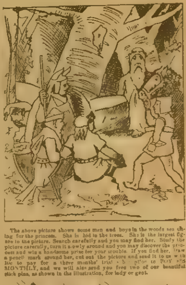
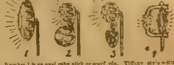


The above picture shows some men and boys in the woods searching for the princess. She is hid in the trees. She is the largest figure in the picture. Search carefully and you may find her. Study the picture carefully, turn it slowly around and you may discover the princess and win a handsome prize for your trouble. If you find her, draw a pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send it to us with 10c to pay for a three months' trial subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and we will also send you free two of our beautiful stick pins, as shown in the illustration, for lady or gent.



Number 1 is an oval ruby stick or scarf pin. Tiffany style setting, beautiful fire and luster in the stone.

No. 2 is a pendant stick pin. It has a genuine Andes diamond solitaire on top about one-half caret in size. Suspended below is a beautiful pearl about the size of a small pea. The diamond and the pearl are both set in [illegible] fancy style.

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sideboard. The women of the Weld family were their most valuable jewels. The lace curtains were drawn back and from the street a clear view was given of the front rooms and their valuable contents.

All was merriment. Two passers-by nudged one another and indulged in a quiet laugh as with glistening eyes they took in the rich treasure so carelessly displayed on every hand.

"Say," said the taller, our old friend Boston Jim. "Ain't it a cinch—two scoops—one for us and the next for him."

"Did you see the sparklers?" was the reply.

"This is the last go for me—Chicago won't see me for a long time after this night's work. We'll break up the gang and seek pastures new, but I don't think we'll ever see anything as green as this is for a good many years."

Eleven o'clock rang out from a neighboring tower. The last guest had left the Weld house. The curtains were drawn. Lights put out. An accident had happened to the electric power on the street—all was dark and still save the footfalls of some belated wayfarer hastening to his home.

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven —eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—two hours passed—the streets were deserted—one two——

Stealthy figures might be seen to glide through the darkness from three sides of the Weld house and gather at the rear, where a broad piazza in the shadow afforded easy access to the second story window.

A whispered consultation and a noiseless figure rapidly mounted to the roof, crawled to the window and rising cautiously forced it open without the slightest noise.

Passing stealthily through the room he opened a door, gently closing it behind him.

The room was very quiet—the intruder advanced several feet and noiselessly drew the slide of his lantern. A soft light seemed to permeate the dense gloom—the figure with the lantern stood dimly outlined in a large room—the wall opposite him was plainly seen—white—devoid of any ornamentation.

Amazed, trembling at the unusual scene, Boston Jim gazed with starting eyes, while on the barren surface before him were seen to gather a series of shadowy figures—coming from out the solid wall and rapidly taking form—a masked figure—himself—a beautiful woman reaching for a child that he held in his arms—a pitiful face with an agonized look on it—and then the ruffian struck her down to his feet.

His lips were dry—he clutched at his throat—turned to leave the room by the door he had entered. It was locked.

Once more he turned—the light had faded away—other figures were rapidly taking form upon the dreaded wall—once more he saw his likeness—ghostly at first—the same room—no longer the chamber of a lady—but seated in the rich furniture a number of forms, and as he turned away his face from the blank whiteness on the wall, at the side of his pictured likeness there grew from out the haze a manly figure that pressed the muzzle of a pistol to his head—a stern, beautiful, manly face, the face of the man who had struck him but a few short nights before. He felt the ache in his jaw still. He turned half way around to flee from this cursed room—a sharp pressure was felt on his temple—a cold ring of steel seemed to grind into his very brain—throwing both hands in the air he slid to the floor—the lights went up and seated in the chairs around the room, as though interrupted in their evening's enjoyment, was Marcus Weld with his wife and family, by his side a small table on which, resting on a cushion, lay the pearl-handled revolver.

Marcus Weld, in a voice trembling with emotion, said:

"Twelve years ago on Christmas eve mine was the happiest family in Chicago. The Call had forged to the front. I was looked upon as a successful business man. My position as far as wealth and family were concerned, were all that could be wished for.

A loving wife and daughter and an only son, as yet an infant in the cradle, but full of promise for a bright future. That Christmas eve my house was entered by burglars during my absence—in the morning it was found that my wife had been struck down and my infant son removed from his cradle—the house had been robbed, and among the various articles taken away was this revolver. You can now realize, Mr. Atwood, why it was that I, Marcus Weld, upon seeing this weapon so closely related to my greatest misfortune, broke down.

"As for you, sir, your day of reckoning has come!"

Marcus rose from his seat and with face distorted with passion and long pent rage stood over Boston Jim.

"Wretch! For years I have suffered untold agony. Waking or sleeping, the thought of my infant son, lost forever, perhaps, has been with me. Speak, villain! Where is the child you so ruthlessly dragged from my wife's arms? This toy I hold in my hand will wring from your lips a full confession of your dastardly crime, or speed your soul to everlasting perdition!"

The excitement was intense. Marcus Weld's face blazed with passion. His voice trembled with emotion, but there was no tremor in the arm or hand that rigidly held the menacing revolver into which Boston Jim looked with staring eyes.

Mrs. Weld, with white face and heaving bosom, her lips, from which the blood had fled, slightly parted, a look of intense eagerness in her mournful eyes, stood slightly leaning forward in an attitude of expectancy, waiting for the words to fall that would restore her child or cast down the great hope that her husband's words had fanned to life.

Martha and Reddy had risen from the sofa. Her face full of agonized pleading. The beautiful lips trembling with emotion, her limpid blue eyes eager, questioning, her beautiful hands clenched in the effort of self-control.

Reddy face vied with the color of his hair. His fists were doubled up, his form rigid as through flashing eyes he glared spitefully at his fallen enemy and listened to Marcus Weld's story of wrong.

Boston Jim, terror-stricken, his dark, vicious face pallid with fear, was the first to break the silence.

"Curse my luck!" was his exclamation. "I might have known he couldn't be trusted—he was too white-livered for the business. There he is, Marcus Weld, your son, the companion of thieves and blacklegs, nursed and cared for by Sheney Kate, his school the streets, his associates criminals of the deepest dye! If the life hasn't left its mark on him, I miss my guess!"

At the mention of Reddy's name, Marcus Weld had looked at the child standing by his daughter. A look of joy suffused his face. He started to his feet with a loud cry of gladness and threw himself on his knees before the astonished boy.

"My son! my son! Thank God, you have been returned to me!" he cried.

In a few moments he had recovered sufficiently to press a button. Flat-Nose Pete, Sheney Kate and Smithy were led in by members of the Call's staff.

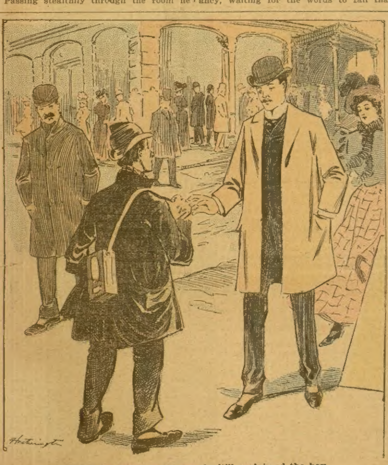
The scoop was complete. That night there with joy in the Weld house. At the office of the Call the doors were under double guard. The record of scoops had been completed, and the next morning Chicago was thrown into a furor by the news that the reign of terror had come to an end, that Marcus Weld had not only scooped all the other papers and the police, but had also found his long-lost son.

Martha was overjoyed to find her little brother, and adroitly started to question him about the one object of her affections.

"Don't you think, Reginald," she said, "that Mr. Atwood's a smart man?"

"Naw," said Reddy, with a snort of disgust. "He's a chump."

(Continued on page fifteen.)



"Take my picture? No you don't!" exclaimed the boy.

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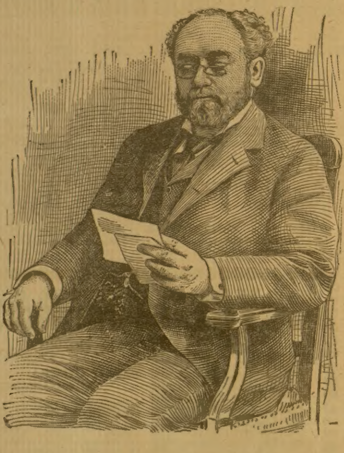

"Something over two years ago I commenced to have an extremely tired, worn-out feeling and kept getting worse," writes Mrs. W. S. Lindsey, of Chetopa, Labette Co., Kans. "Almost everything I ate would sour on my stomach and cause diarrhea, and I had such a heavy feeling in my right side, just opposite my stomach, that I could not lie on my left side. It seemed that the weight in my right side was tearing something loose whenever I would try to lie on my left side, and then I commenced to have such a terrible pain in my stomach and right side. It would shift from my stomach to my side and then back again, and every time the pain would get harder, and it would last hours at a time. Nothing would ease me in the least except laudanum, and I would have to take two or three doses before that would help. Nobody knows what I suffered. In the first place, these spells would be two or three weeks apart, but at last they came on regularly every other day. They would commence about eight o'clock in the morning and last until nine or ten o'clock at night. I tried three different doctors; one said it was malaria, and gave me so much calomel that it almost killed me. Another doctor said it was my liver; his medicine helped me for a short time and then the trouble came back harder than ever. The other doctor said, 'I think I know what ails you,' but his medicine did not help at all. I felt that my time was short, and I was perfectly discouraged. I could not bear to think of leaving my little children, but was so down-hearted and weak I could hardly crawl around. Was in bed most of the time. My mother said, 'Try Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; others recommend it, and I notice his advertisement in everything I pick up.' My husband bought a bottle. I did not feel much better after taking the first bottle, but my husband bought another and said, 'We will give it a good trial.' Before I had taken all of the second bottle I felt better and commenced to work a little. I have taken six bottles, and now I am able to do all of my work. Am never troubled with my stomach or side any more. God has surely blessed your medicine, and I recommend it to everyone. My sister-in-law is taking it now, and it is helping her."

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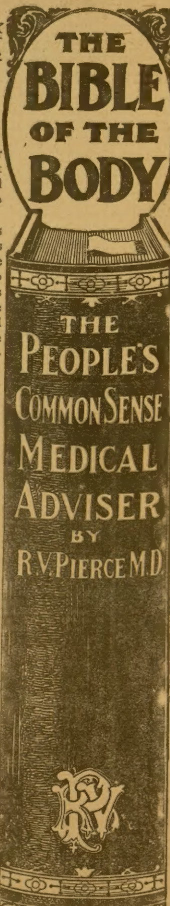

Given Away!

The Medical Adviser, as shown above, 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, is **sent free,** on receipt of stamps to cover expense of mailing *only.* The author's gifts of these books last year, cost him, exclusive of postage, over

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The topics discussed in this book are vital to the health of both sexes, and of absorbing interest to old and young alike. Send 31 one-cent stamps for cloth-bound volume as shown above, or 21 stamps for the same book in paper covers. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A TELL-TALE SCAR.

(Continued from page three.)

"He is very kind; but I suppose I must have a lawyer, Mr. Bateman, and if you care to represent me, I will be glad to have you do so, only I can give you no assistance in the matter."

"How do you mean?" asked the surprised lawyer.

"I have no defense to make, save that I shall plead not guilty, tell my story, call no witness and leave it for the other side to prove me guilty and hang me."

"Why, Gray, you astound me! You will throw your life away without an effort."

"Mr. Bateman, I read what the papers have to say of this double crime, and I am proven guilty before trial, and what I may say, or will say, cannot help me in the least.

"That is all I can do to help you defend me, save that I will tell you just what I will tell the judge and jury, and my fate will be in their hands."

The brilliant young lawyer argued and urged, but Donald Gray was as firm as a rock—he would only plead not guilty and tell his story, leaving it for the other side to prove him guilty, if they could.

"All I ask is that my trial be not delayed, Mr. Bateman, for I am ready now," he said, and as Frank Bateman left the cell he muttered:

"I verily believe that man, knowing that Celeste Duvall is lost to him now, is anxious to be hanged."

CHAPTER V.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS.

The trial of Donald Gray was set for an early day, for his attorney, Frank Bateman, said that he was ready then, and this assertion made many believe that the prisoner had a "card up his sleeve" to play against the apparent proofs of his guilt.

Outside of this, the people believed that there was no doubt of Donald Gray's guilt.

On the day of trial the court house was packed to its utmost capacity and many ladies were present, among them, accompanied by her father, being Celeste Duvall.

The prisoner came in with his attorney, who wore a confident look that puzzled even the lawyers of the other side.

Pale, yet perfectly calm, Donald Gray cast a searching glance over the many faces and took his seat.

The wound on his forehead had healed, yet left a scar, scarlet in hue, and an outlined crescent, visible to all.

That scarlet scar alone would prove his guilt, many thought. Called to the bar, the prisoner, in a full, distinct tone, pleaded "Not guilty."

There was no flinching either as he so plead.

The apaprent facts in the case, a severe arraignment of the prisoner then followed, the state's attorney laying particular stress upon the prisoner being wholly unknown, his antecedents a mystery and that, not making enough money to met his luxurious tastes and to meet certain anticipations he had in view, he had sought to rob the bank, to put his hand secretly into the pocket of his kind benefactor, and when discovered in his attempt to get a fortune by robbery he had put out of the way the one who had caught him in the act, though not until the man then lying in his grave, had branded upon his brow the crime of Cain.

"A scarlet scar that will never wash out, a brand that he will carry with him to his grave," came in impressive voice and manner from the state's attorney.

The jury felt it, the people felt it, and many a face paled; but not the movement of a muscle nor the tremor of an eyelid showed what the prisoner felt.

The allusions to his "anticipations" and his "robbing his benefactor" all knew had reference to Donald Gray's hope of winning Celeste Duvall, and that Mr. Duvall had been the first to befriend him.

Colorless and unmoved, Celeste Duvall had sat, many eyes furtively glancing at her and of which she seemed wholly unconscious.

When it was found that there were no witnesses to be called, save the officers to whom Michael Harney had told his story, and those who had arrested, it was a surprise to all apparently.

Frank Bateman had asked only a question or two, as to the finding of a letter addressed to Donald Gray on the floor of the bank, the discovery of the artist up and dressed in his rooms when they went to arrest him, and later the search that revealed the package of money in the secret drawer of the desk.

Donald Gray had no witnesses to call and said that he simply would tell his story and rest upon that.

A deathlike silence fell upon the room as he rose to tell that story, of how he had gone down town that night, after seeing Fenton Duvall off on the train, to put an advertisement in the paper for a model he wished for a paiting, but had decided to wait, so had turned back at the office door, passed the bank, and returned to his rooms.

That afternoon he had made a deposit in the bank and must have then dropped the letter found there on the floor.

He had remained in his room all the evening, save that he had gone to give to Mr. Duvall a key left with him by Fenton Duvall, and later at night he had again gone out, been attacked on the street by a footpad who had dealt him the blow on the forehead that had left the scar.

In regard to the package of money found in his desk he would only say that his check book would show that he had drawn out just that sum a month before from the bank and that it had been given to him in just such a package and it was for a special purpose.

This was the substance of his story to clear his life, frankly told and apparently truthful.

But not an instant did it weigh against the overwhelming testimony of his guilt and the result was a foregone conclusion.

The jury lost no time in coming to a verdict, and every eye was riveted upon the prisoner when he faced them to learn his fate.

But his iron nerve did not desert him, and later, with the same unflinching mien, he heard the sentence of "death upon the gallows" passed upon him by the judge.

Back to his cell he went, refusing to consider an appeal for another trial and the sunshine of his life was blotted out by the shadow of the gallows.

And back to her grand home went Celeste Duvall and sought the seclusion of her own rooms.

Casting aside her wraps, she stood looking at herself in the full length mirror.

Thus looking squarely into her own eyes, she asked herself the question, squarely and aloud:

"And must this terrible thing be? No! The day of doom is yet afar off and——"

She did not speak aloud her thoughts—she dared not.

This fascinating and mysterious story will be finished in next week's Ledger. See announcement on page fifteen.

ATWOOD'S MASCOTT.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

"Why, Reggy, dear, what do you mean? Wasn't he good to you?"

"Yes, he was awful good to me, but he's awful afraid of you."

"Why, what does the boy mean?" asked Martha.

"Cos he's dead stuck on you, Marthy, and don't know enough to keep up a stiff upper lip and ask you to marry him same as I would if it was my case."

Martha's face became scarlet, and she she clasped Reddy in her arms and hugged him to her breast to hide her blushes.

"Yes," said her tormentor, "that's just what I seen you do with my chum t'other night down on the street."

Once more the buzzer on the city editor's desk gave one quick business buzz.

"Send Mr. Atwood to my house immediately," was the order of the owner. "There is a slight matter of business for him to transact before he resumes his desk in the office."

Atwood started immediately for his employer's house. The door was opened in answer to his ring. by Martha Weld.

In the parlor was Mrs. Weld—still in the prime of life—a motherly woman, with a kindly face. Reddy was invisible.

Mrs. Weld, after overwhelming Atwood with thanks, to which he was only able to stammer an acknowledgment, left the room.

Martha sat silently in the corner.

"I trust, Miss Martha," Atwood said, "that you have suffered no especial inconvenience from the events of the past few days."

"Oh, not in the least," was her reply, "only that Reginald teases the life out of me and tells me I ought to be ashamed——"

"Why—what can he mean——"

"Oh, something you said to him the night you rescued me from that hateful wretch," and Martha's eyes rapidly filled with tears. "He said you were a chump—I don't know what that means—but I think he's too hateful for anything to talk that way about you when you were so good to him."

Martha's face was buried in her handkerchief. Gradually a corner of the lace-edged cambric shifted to one side, revealing a crimson face wet with tears, yet with eyes that twinkled with merriment and a roguish mouth with twitching muscles that seemed in doubt whether to break into a ripple of laughter or draw down for a good cry.

"Martha! Reddy was right. I was and am a chump," Atwood said. "I love you."

"What did I tell you?" said a roguish voice.

Martha hid her face deeper in her lover's neck—the startled Atwood looked toward the door, the portieres were drawn back, and there stood Marcus Weld with a pleased smile on his face, the charming Mrs. Weld and the grinning Reddy.

"Bless you, my children," was Mr. Weld's only remark. "The Morning Call will now look forward to a season of scoops under the combined management of Weld and Atwood."

The End.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

On the first and third Tuesdays in February and March, 1899, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good 21 days) from Chicago, Milwaukee and other points on its line, to a great many points in South and North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and other western and southwestern states at greatly reduced rates. Take a trip west and see the wonderful crop results of last year and what an amount of good land can be purchased for a little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing Geo. H. Heafford, Genl. Passenger Agent, Old Colony Bldg., Chicago.

Souvenirs.

Poets remind us that we've seen
  The great oft leave behind them
Things that will keep their memory green
  And to our hearts close bind them.

The billowing bloom, the wandering bee,
  Have left their haunts, once sunny;
But in their stead, with joy, we see
  The buckwheat cakes and honey.

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Joax—He'll never do; he's forever breaking his word.

"So?"

"Yes; he stutters frightfully."

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This offer is made to those who cannot get THE LEDGER by reason of us not having an agent to bring the paper to them each week. Of course those who are buying THE LEDGER and BLADE regularly of our agents will not be interested in this. To such patrons and friends we wish to express our thanks, and assure them that the CHICAGO LEDGER will spare no expense or pains to continue to be, as it has for twenty-six years, the foremost story paper in the United States. Our present purpose is to arrange so that all may receive THE LEDGER. This can be done by your either sending in $1.00 for a year's subscription, or by recommending several boys whom you think would make good agents or securing an agent for us. We will attend to the rest if you will but send us the names. Address,

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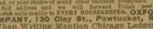

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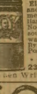

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

Tale of a Tail.

By Elbe Weser.

"I use to own von leetle dog,
His name vas Tiddly Bink;
I shuts his tail in de door von day
Und it comes off quick as a vink.

"My vife come in, und on de floor
Poor Tiddly's tail she fin';
'Chiminy Gracious! he's gone,' she say,
Un leff his tail behin'.'

"Ven Tiddly he come home some more
I laugh und shake mit glee
To see him viggle dot stubby place
Vere hiss little tail use to be.

"Von day I show him to his tail
To vag; it had no vim;
My vife she feel so bad she cry
Und vagged his tail for him."

◆

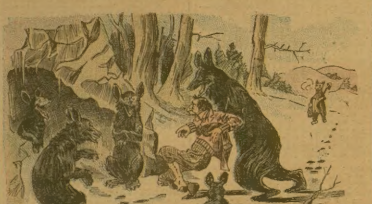
A Tale of Pussy-Willow.

From the time the willows grow bare in the fall till the first birds appear in springtime little Ethel is watching for pussy-willow. She imagines all sorts of pretty things about the cunning fuzzy balls, and keeps the vases in the parlor full of willow bouquets.

One of her beliefs is that all the kitties that have ever been drowned in the creek down in the pasture come back in the shape of pussy-willows. For this reason she loves them and pets them, and talks to them as she would if they were real pussies.

The other evening Brother Rob was having a torchlight procession and all the boys in the neighborhood were helping him. Their torches were "cat-tail" flag reeds gathered in the swamps and soaked in kerosene oil, which made them the jolliest torches imaginable. Ethel was having a merry time watching the boys form in line, when she happened to hear one of them call his torch a "cat-tail." She stopped and thought a moment, and then, rushing in to her mother, buried her face in her dress and sobbed, "Oh, it's dreadful; the boys are using the tails of my grown-up pussy-willows for torches!"

IN BEARVILLE.



Mr. Bruno—Here's a young sport in search of "a little game." Just bring out the dice children, and we'll shake for him.—Puck.

◆

Animals at Play.

Cats delight in racing about, but not so often, I think, in circles as dogs do. They prefer straight lines and sharp turns with the genuine goat jump. This sudden flight into the air, which appears to take place without the animal's knowledge or intention, cannot here be preparatory to life in the mountains, but the cat finds the high jump very useful, not only in pouncing on its prey, but in escaping its hereditary enemy. Brehm records a movement play of young chamois. When in summer the young chamois climb up to the perpetual snow, they delight to play on it. They throw themselves in a crouching position on the upper end of a steep, snow-covered incline, work all four legs with a swimming motion to get a start, and then slide down on the surface of the snow, often traversing a distance of from 100 to 150 meters in this way, while the snow flies up and covers them with a fine powder. Arrived at the bottom, they spring to their feet and slowly clamber up again the distance they have slid down.

◆

Very Clever Young Lady.

Governess—Come, Ethel; it's time for good little girls to be in bed.

Ethel—Yeth, Mith Morgan; but you know I have been naughty today.

◆

It Was Worth While.

Governess—Now, Linsley, you musn't have any more plum pudding. It'll make you ill.

Linsley—Never mind, it's worf it!

A Great Bargain.

The country store owned by Mr. Jabez Dodd contained such a motley conglomeration in the way of "stock" that a village lounger one day offered to bet that another man could not ask for anything in ordinary, every-day use without Uncle Jabe's producing it.

The two men entered the store, and the challenged party said:

"Got any false teeth on hand today, Uncle Jabe?"

Jabe put his hand in his mouth and a moment later held out the hand with a set of grinning teeth in it.

"There!" he said, "I'll sell that set mighty cheap, for my gooms hev shrunk so they don't fit me no more, and I'm goin' to have some new ones. If you want these fer—"

But the two men had fled, while Uncle Jabe called after them:

"I'll let you have 'em fer less'n half price."

◆

Queer Place to Find a Baby.

The Church of All Hallows, Barking, England, was once the scene of an unusual incident. It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I, a certain ship-chandler was foolish enough to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder, and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the fifty a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew; but what became of the baby was very widely known.

The next morning there was found upon the eaves of the church a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height. It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish, and grew to womanhood.

◆

Jack's Wish.

As Jack entered the barn with his uncle his eyes opened wide at the sight of a great pile of apples heaped up on the floor. As he wistfully gazed at the same his uncle reading the desire in his glance, exclaimed: "Help yourself, Jack; take all you wish." Jack sprang toward the enticing pippins, and, after gathering up all that his pockets, hat and shirt waist could hold, straightened himself up and stood gazing for some time at the apparently undiminished pile. Observing his apparent dilemma, his uncle asked: "What's the matter now, Jack?" "Oh, nothing," replied Jack, "only I wish I was twins."

◆

He Told the Truth.

"Mamma," said Freddy, "I am gong to invite Santa Claus to my Christmas party."

"Very well," replied mamma. And Freddy sat down and wrote:

"Dear Santa Claus.—Your presents are desired at my house on Christmas morning. Your loving little friend,

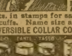
"FREDDY FOSDICK."

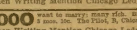
◆

Tommy's Sister Is Not Slow.

Stayleight—Tommy, do you think your sister is fond of me?

Tommy—I don't know. She gave me a quarter to set the clock half an hour fast.





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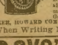

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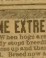

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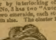

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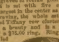
We give every reader of this paper the choice of these six beautiful rings FREE. This is one of the most liberal offers ever made by a responsible concern. Ring No. 1 is a genuine "Andes" South American diamond, 3-4 carat in size. It is set in genuine Tiffany style, eight claws to hold stone. The ring is a beauty and has a surprising fire and lustre. Ring No. 2 is really two rings in one. One gold-plated, the other silver. They are fastened together by interlocking of the loops. Ring No. 3 has two "Andes" diamonds and two emeralds, each stone about 1-4 carat in size. The cluster is set Tiffany style. The ring is gold plated and handsomely chased or engraved in roman gold style. Ring No. 4 is set with five emerald stones, the largest in the center as shown in the engraving, the whole setting is what is called Tiffany row cluster style. The ring is a beauty and is a perfect imitation of a $75.00 ring. Ring No. 5 is a gold-filled band wedding ring. You see similar ones sold in jewelry stores for $2.00 upwards. Ring No. 6 is set with small "Andes" diamond in center and four ruby brilliant stones around it. It is a beautiful ring and is very popular. We give these rings free. Pick out any of the rings shown in this advertisement, mark the size ring you wish by drawing a circle on a piece of paper, and send it to us. All we ask is that you enclose 10c in silver or stamps to pay for three months' subscription to Boyce's monthly. We are offering the grandest inducements you ever heard of. We are bound to get a big subscription list and are giving these beautiful rings away so that every one will subscribe who sees the advertisement. Address, BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Dept. D, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.



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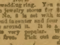

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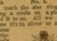

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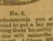

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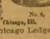

No. 6.

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